

THE ACADEMY.



A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1097.
[New Issue.]

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1893.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LIONHOUSE'S LIFE OF LEIGH HUNT, by J. A. NOBLE	400
KNIGHT'S THREE EMPIRES MEET, by W. M. CONWAY	410
TWO CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS, by E. D. A. MORSEHEAD	411
ROBINSON'S THE PRINCELY CHANDOS, by W. P. COURTNEY	412
LITTLEDALE'S ESSAYS ON THE IDYLLS OF THE KING, by ARTHUR WAUGH	413
NEW NOVELS, by G. SAINTSBURY	414
CURRENT THEOLOGY	415
NOTES AND NEWS	416
UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS	416
ORIGINAL VERSE: "BEAUDELAIRE," by EUGENE LEE HAMILTON	417
OBITUARY: JOHN TRUFUSIS PUSNETT, by J. S.	417
MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS	417
SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS	417
CORRESPONDENCE— Pope's Lines to Martha Blount, by G. A. AITKEN	418
APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK	418
THE RECORDS OF THE PAST, by Prof. CHREYNE	418
SCIENCE NOTES	420
PHILOLOGY NOTES	420
THE ROYAL ACADEMY, II., by CLAUDE PHILLIPS	420
NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY	422
"LA REINE JUANA" AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, by CECIL NICHOLSON	422
STAGE NOTES	423
RECENT CONCERTS, by J. S. SHEDLOCK	423

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THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the Society, for the Election of President, Council, &c., will be held, by permission of the Chancellor and Senate, in the HALL of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, Burlington Gardens, on MONDAY, the 29th of May, 1893, at half-past 2 o'clock p.m. During the Meeting the Royal Medals and other Awards for the Encouragement of Geographical Science and Discovery will be presented.

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COMEDY THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 9, THE GREAT UNPAID. Messrs. W. H. Vernon, Cyril Maude, H. V. Esmond, E. W. Gardiner, H. De Lange, F. M. Wood, W. Shine, H. Lowther; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Annie Hill, Beatrice Ferrar, and Mary Rorke. Preceded at 8.30 by Mr. George Pritchard in a new Musical Sketch.

COURT THEATRE.

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LITERATURE.

"GREAT WRITERS."—*Life of Leigh Hunt.*
By Cosmo Monkhouse. (Walter Scott.)

MR. COSMO MONKHOUSE has filled a great gap in English biographical literature. Leigh Hunt died in 1859—thirty-three years ago last August; and, during a period estimated as the life-time of a generation he has had no memorial record, save such brief sketches as those introducing the "Selections" of Mr. Charles Kent and Mr. R. B. Johnson—which, though admirably done and perfectly adequate to their intended purpose, were, as biographies, necessarily unsatisfying. Of course, there is the *Autobiography*—that delightful record which Carlyle found "an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language"; but the best autobiography in any language has its inevitable limitations, and, until two or three weeks ago, the story of Leigh Hunt, like the story of Cambuscan, was left half-told. The two men who were, of all living writers, best qualified by knowledge and sympathy to undertake the full telling of it have, doubtless for some sufficient reason, declined the task. The genial literary veteran, Mr. Alexander Ireland, has been content to enrich the pages of the *Dictionary of National Biography* with a happily felt and executed appreciation; and Mr. Charles Kent, instead of the volume which he would have written so well, has contributed to Hunt literature only the sketch to which reference has just been made. Whether the book we have is a satisfactory substitute for the book we might have had, is a question to which two equally competent persons may honestly give differing replies. The intelligent general reader, who is entirely innocent of prepossessions, and is, like Rosa Dartle, only a seeker after information, will find the book not only interesting but in every other respect admirable. And it must be frankly admitted that, from the general reader's point of view, this finding does Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's work nothing more than strict justice. Only those who have themselves done some modest labour in the same field can fully appreciate the industry and carefulness of research which have gone to the making of this biography; but even the intelligent outsider will feel that the book has been written by a man who knows his way about, and in whom natural competence has been supplemented by conscientious study. He will see, too, that it is the work of a literary artist with due command of proportion and unity, and of a writer who commends his theme by a

style which is always cultivated, simple, and lucid, and which, at times, achieves real charm.

So much for Mr. Monkhouse's biography as seen in dry light by the man who is ready to examine the life and character of Leigh Hunt with the impartial unimpassioned observation that he might give to an unfamiliar fern or fossil. But, then, some of us are deficient in this passionless impartiality, and we cannot assume it. The natural object here presented for our examination is not wholly unfamiliar: we have seen it before; we have even studied it and formed some opinion of it. The man who has no Leigh Hunt of his own may be quite ready to accept without question the Leigh Hunt offered to him by Mr. Monkhouse; and to be perfectly candid he might do much worse, for the present specimen is in tolerably good condition, and there are some Leigh Hunts in the market which have been so badly used as to be quite worthless—such, for example, as those of Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, and Mr. George Saintsbury. Still, it is impossible to say that the new Leigh Hunt is perfectly satisfactory, and some of the causes of its unsatisfactoriness are very obvious. That a biographer should be a reverential worshipper, a thick-and-thin admirer of his hero is, perhaps, not to be desired, though we cannot forget that the best biography in the world is the work of one who stood in just such an attitude towards the great but by no means faultless man of whom he wrote. It is surely, however, a thing to be desired that a biographer should have a large measure of sympathy with his subject—such sympathy as will make it a necessity that, when two interpretations of character or conduct are possible, he should instinctively adopt that which is the kindlier and worthier. Indeed, in the absence of such sympathy it is difficult to imagine an adequate prompting to the onerous labour represented by this book; but as the book is present and the sympathy is largely absent, every reader must explain the existence of the former by the provisional hypothesis which seems to him most plausible. No true appreciator of Hunt can fail to have a certain feeling of kindness for Mr. Monkhouse, because he tries so honestly and earnestly to be sympathetic, but (through at least half of the volume) it is so very, very plain that he *has* to try—that that sympathy does not come naturally to him; and the reader's perception of amiably strenuous endeavour is the fly which spoils the ointment. The praise is often ample; but in the earlier chapters at any rate it always has the look of being forced, while the frequent sneer or insinuation never fails to come trippingly to the end of the pen.

It is very difficult in brief compass to justify a mere impression, howsoever vivid that impression may be. It is specially difficult to justify an impression stamped by a number of small details which are cumulatively rather than individually effective. Still, in justice to Mr. Monkhouse, to Leigh Hunt, and to the reader, some attempt at justification must be made; and should it seem unsuccessful, I must ask readers to suspend their judgment until

they have in Mr. Monkhouse's pages acquainted themselves with evidence which can in these columns be but imperfectly sampled.

Before we have read many pages of the book we recognise the fact that Mr. Monkhouse regards Hunt with what may be euphemistically described as a discriminating eye. A clever young man, whose friends have impressed upon him the fact of his cleverness, is often a rake. If either strong moral convictions or native fastidiousness of taste preserve him from rakishness, it is only too probable that he will be more or less of a prig; and that Hunt's adolescence was wholly free from priggishness cannot be affirmed by his most ardent admirer. Indeed, it may be said that in some of his early utterances the prig is rampant; he is naked and not ashamed. It would be foolish to quarrel with Mr. Monkhouse for pointing this out; but surely he might have treated the weakness lightly, allusively, as a thing to be taken for granted, like the squeaking falsetto of puberty, not as something to be elaborately exposed and expatiated upon as if it were specially characteristic and significant. Mr. Monkhouse is not content to adopt this course. His account of Hunt's boyish attempts in authorship, of his courtship, and of his beginnings in journalism, are peppered with phrases which accentuate the ludicrous element sure to be found somewhere in the record of any able young man's start in life; and such accentuation, where there is no real call for it, seems somewhat ungenerous. Of Hunt's priggishness Mr. Monkhouse writes, "Circumstances had conspired to make him one [a prig], and in no case was the child more father of the man"—a very carelessly written sentence, and an unjust one as well, for though many defects have been attributed to the mature Leigh Hunt by hostile critics, priggishness has never been among their number. And again, "In marriage, as in everything else, Leigh Hunt began with the best intentions." The insinuation that in marriage Hunt's good intentions were not put into practice is too obvious to be missed by the most careless reader; but is there any ground for it? There is absolutely none; on the contrary, Hunt's conduct as a husband and father was not merely reproachless, but conspicuously admirable. And yet, again, speaking of Hunt's editorship of the *Examiner* in the early days, Mr. Monkhouse remarks "personally he achieved notoriety, a result no doubt gratifying to his vanity." From all possible impulses and sensibilities, Mr. Monkhouse selects the most contemptible, and attributes them to Hunt without any patent justification for the choice—an error which he repeats when he says, *à propos* of Hunt's early friendship with Byron: "Notwithstanding his Radical principles, he was not above being flattered by the notice of a lord because he was a lord." Statements so obviously based on hostile prepossessions, and, on them alone, do much to mar the judicial effect of a book which, in virtue of the labour bestowed upon it, might have been reckoned among standard biographies.

The account of Hunt's much-discussed

and much-misrepresented visit to Italy is by no means unfair in statement; for Mr. Monkhouse has taken pains to make himself acquainted with the somewhat complicated facts, and he is clearly anxious to deal out strict justice. But he is rather too ready to adopt the favourite formula of the lazy moral umpire—"faults on both sides," and he does not make what is really the main issue sufficiently clear. Before we can pronounce a final opinion upon the conduct of Byron and Hunt in their relation to each other, we must clearly understand what that relation was; and to such understanding Mr. Monkhouse does not help his readers as he might have helped them. Here, for example, is one very confusing sentence, which is all the more likely to mislead because of its judicial air.

"Hunt ought never to have agreed to a proposal which entailed the saddling of Shelley with the support of himself and his family for an indefinite period; Byron ought never to have countenanced a project so little trusted by himself and so fraught with danger to his friends."

To take the latter part of the sentence first, what does Mr. Monkhouse mean by his use of the word "countenanced"? When he says that "Byron ought never to have countenanced a project so little trusted by himself," nine out of every ten readers will suppose that the project was suggested by either Shelley or Hunt, or at any rate by some outsider, and that Byron thoughtlessly gave his adhesion to it though he doubted its success. No greater misconception than this is easily conceivable. The *Liberal* was Byron's own idea from first to last, and in the beginning he thought it certain to bring him both fame and money. The editorship had originally been offered by him to Moore, and if Moore had accepted it Leigh Hunt would never have been heard of in this connexion; but as the Irish poet, being a better man of business than most of his countrymen, declined an appointment which he saw to be one of doubtful prospects, the editorship was pressed upon Hunt, whose journalistic experience and popularity among Radicals were clearly likely to be of service to the new venture. From the moment that Hunt, in answer to the invitation given by Byron through Shelley, set foot in Italy, he was to all intents and purposes the working manager of a business undertaking, and was, like the secretary of a joint-stock company in progress of formation, entitled to be paid out of capital until revenue began to come in. This is a very prosaic analogy, but it is a very just one; and, if its force be once perceived, it will be seen that Mr. Monkhouse somewhat confuses things by speaking of Hunt as "saddling" Shelley "with the support of himself and his family." Of course Mr. Monkhouse is too well-informed to repeat the stale and nonsensical charges of "sponging" and "ingratitude"; but, had the facts been put into better perspective, these stupidities would have been disposed of more effectually. True, Mr. Monkhouse, at the opening of the ninth chapter, says plainly that "it was Byron who was responsible for the situation"; but a single clause in a sentence easily passed

over will hardly counteract pages of detail which leave a different impression.

With the chapter devoted mainly to Hunt's book, *Recollections of Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, it is not necessary to deal at any length. Hunt himself admitted that the book was a mistake, and Mr. Monkhouse appears to think that it was something worse. He speaks of it with greater severity than I could command, greater severity, indeed, than I think is perfectly just; but here the matter being one of feeling, not of fact, discussion must necessarily be inconclusive, and Mr. Monkhouse's verdict on any question of conduct is not one to be ignored or treated as a thing of no account.

The business of this unfortunate book is finally disposed of on p. 182; and the remaining 150 pages of Mr. Monkhouse's volume are not merely admirable from a purely literary point of view, but are so pleasantly genial that they can be read with unmixed enjoyment by members of the guild of Huntians as well as by the uninitiated of the outside world. The evidence of many witnesses seems to make it plain that no one who knew Leigh Hunt in the flesh failed to yield himself to the fascination of that gentle and winning personality; and Mr. Monkhouse, who has known him only through his books and through the witness of his friends, seems to have yielded to the spell. Even of the terrible Byron book his last word is not wholly unkindly.

"Greatly as the publication of this book is to be regretted, its effect with regard to himself may be regarded as satisfactory. It was a relief. It worked off, so to speak, the poison, or most of it, which had for years preyed upon his kindly nature, and left his heart and intellect free again to expand with genial warmth. Henceforth, though he was still to suffer from some misrepresentation, from impecuniosity, from family troubles, his life was spent in work which was congenial, mainly directed by his own taste, and actuated by the desire to please and instruct his fellow-creatures. . . . As a poet, he never, excepting in one or two pieces (the celebrated "Abou Ben Adhem" being certainly one of them), excelled his earlier efforts; as an essayist, he wrote little on a par with the best papers in the *Indicator*, but his criticism became more mature, and he developed his power of pleasant gossip about places and their histories till he made his work of this order a fine art and a model for future generations. In such amiable labours—playing truly the part of the bird from which the *Indicator* took its name—he spent the rest of his life, till all animosity against him was outworn, and he became a patriarch of letters, as much loved and honoured by men of all shades of opinion as he had once been hated and abused by a powerful clique."

This, and the other hearty and sympathetic tributes to the beauty of Hunt's character which abound in the later pages of Mr. Monkhouse's volume, are all the more valuable because they cannot be discounted as the utterances of an emotional dealer in indiscriminating "gush." Some of us, who have loved Leigh Hunt for as many years as we have loved anything in life or literature which has seemed to us winning and worthy, may, at times, have yielded to the temptation to minimise the weaknesses which he himself was always willing to

admit and eager to deplore. Our excuse must be that we have been engaged in a protest against an influential coterie of calumniators, whose offences against absolute impartiality have been, at least, as great as ours, and whose offences against charity and fairness have been much greater. Even now I cannot think that Mr. Monkhouse is always just to Hunt; but his endeavour to be just is more admirable than the facile praise of a friendly partisan; and when he is appreciative without strain, and with the ardour of genuine feeling, his appreciation is well worth having.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Where Three Empires meet. By E. F. Knight. (Longmans.)

THE journey, so excellently described in this book, lay within the area of country ruled by or tributary to the Maharaja of Kashmir, and occupied about twelve months, from the spring of 1891 to the spring of 1892. After an excursion or two in the Vale of Kashmir, Mr. Knight left Srinagar and followed the usual track to Leh, in company with Capt. Bower, who was about to make his memorable journey across Tibet. From Leh Mr. Knight went to Gilgit by way of the Chorbat La, Kapalu, Skardo, the Bannok La, and Astor. He then went to Srinagar, but returned in haste to take part as a volunteer in the Hunza-Nagyr campaign. He visited the capitals of both petty principalities, after the fighting was over, and took part in the pursuit of the Hunza Raja to the foot of the pass which gives immediate access to the Taghdumbash Pamir. He finally returned to Srinagar by way of the Indus valley and the Zoji La. The whole book is readable and full of interesting description; but the more important parts are three, and deal with the increased English activity in Kashmir, with the great Buddhist festival at Leh, and with the Hunza-Nagyr campaign. I shall confine my remarks to these three matters.

Not many years ago, under a policy of British non-intervention, Kashmir was probably the worst-governed country in the world. Individual liberty was almost abolished by forced labour. There was no security of property. The state was bankrupt. The government was utterly corrupt. Oppression was rampant. Under the continuing influence of the imperial power this state of things is being remedied. A just valuation of the lands and the consequent apportionment of taxation, which is being carried out, is one great agency of improvement. The other is the making and maintenance of roads practicable for animals, whereby the amount of coolie labour required for conveying stores to the frontier stations will be much diminished, and the people can be set free from the burden of transport.

Mr. Knight had excellent opportunities of observing the ameliorating measures in operation, and the account he gives of them should be read by everyone interested in the civilising action of the British empire upon the retrograde areas within its limits. The road-making was long ago decided on

and commenced; but it was not till the work was confided to the vigorous hands of the contractors, Spedding & Co., that any appreciable advance was made with it. Now it is proceeding apace, and the country already begins to enjoy the fruits of a wise policy steadily pursued. Mr. Knight traversed the new roads, and gives a vivid description of the difficult and desert land through which they have been carried, and of the obstacles overcome by skilful engineering.

Leh, the capital of Ladak or Little Tibet, has often been visited and described, but has by no means yet been sufficiently studied. It is a smaller edition of inaccessible Lhasa. It is the only great centre of Tibetan Buddhism which Europeans can visit and reside in without hindrance. Two marches above Leh, up the Indus valley, is the great monastery of Hemis. Mr. Knight not only visited this monastery, but did so at the time of the annual festival. He was a spectator of the elaborate ritual and all the ceremonies, processions, and sacred dances of the lamas; and he was wise enough to take numerous photographs of the chief incidents. His description of the remarkable scenes will be read with profit by students of buried customs and crystallised beliefs. The present writer, a few months ago, was favoured by the lamas of Hemis with a private exhibition of samples of their mystery dances. There is no doubt whatever that they embody, often in a very obscure form, some of the most ancient and wide-spread beliefs and some of the earliest rituals of the Eastern world. Wherever Tibetan Buddhism reaches similar performances are gone through. The Gurkhas who were with me said that they were familiar in Nepal with the dances and the costumes; only, of course, in Nepal they did the thing much better. From the point of view both of folklore and of the history of ritual, these Buddhist mysteries deserve far more study than they have received.

"The extraordinary resemblance," says our author, "between much of the pageantry and forms of Tibetan Buddhism and those of the Church of Rome has been observed by all travellers in these regions. The lamas, who represented the saints in this mummery, had the appearance of early Christian bishops: they wore mitres and copes, and carried pastoral crooks; they swung censers of incense as they walked in procession, slowly chanting. Little bells were rung at intervals during the ceremony; some of the chanting was quite Gregorian. There was the partaking of a sort of sacrament; there was a dipping of fingers in bowls of holy water; the shaven monks, who were looking on, clad almost exactly like some of the friars in Italy, told their beads on their rosaries, occasionally bowed their heads and laid their hands across their breasts; and there was much else besides that was startlingly similar to things one had seen and heard in Europe."

When Mr. Knight was at Hemis the lamas were still without their Skushok or living incarnation of the saintly founder. When I was there the lack had been supplied by a boy, who (such was the gossip at Leh) had been purchased from the Yellow sect for a thousand rupees.

Passing over the intervening period of Mr. Knight's travels, full of interest and adventure and admirably described, we must now briefly refer to the Hunza-Nagyr campaign, in which he took part. He has,

with his accustomed modesty, omitted to state that he was specially mentioned in dispatches for the good work he did on that occasion; and I may perhaps be allowed to add that, when I was at Gilgit a few months later, I found his praise in the mouths of his brave comrades.

The "little wars" of India attract brief attention at home, and are too soon forgotten. The storming of Nilt and the capture of the strongly fortified position just beyond it, after about three weeks of constant vigilance, by a small body of native troops led by a handful of Englishmen, were deeds of war, done indeed upon a small scale, but which gave occasion for the exhibition of much admirable bravery. Three V.C.s were won and five appear to have been merited by the Englishmen engaged, while quite a harvest of glory seems to have been garnered in by the ever plucky little Gurkhas. It is well that so good an historian should have been present throughout the campaign. His account, so clearly written, so well illustrated, gives to this volume an historical value for the future such as few books of travel can pretend to. The reader may be reminded that, owing to frontier intrigues of various kinds, it became necessary to make a road into the fastnesses of the robber states of Hunza and Nagyr, Hunza being the name of the petty kingdom on the right bank, Nagyr of that on the left bank of the Hunza river. The making of this road was resisted by the robber chiefs leagued together; and an expedition, commanded by Colonel Durand, had to be sent to overcome this resistance. It finally left Chalt, the frontier post, on December 1, 1891; and the following day the massively fortified village of Nilt was stormed, the gate having been blown in with gun-cotton by Capt. Aylmer (since V.C.) who was obliged twice to fire the fuze in the face of almost certain death. A few yards beyond the fort a side stream, descending from the great peak of Rakipushi, cuts through the alluvial bottom of the main valley at right angles to the main stream. Both main and side streams flow in deep gorges between practically vertical sides, the excavated paths up which had been destroyed, and every place where handhold and foothold could be found had been artificially glazed with ice. The opposite bank of the side valley was the second and strongest line of defence. It was admirably fortified, and all attacks upon it failed for eighteen days. Finally, the position was turned by a party of mountaineers led by Lieut. Manners Smith, who proceeded under cover of the night a little way up the side of Rakipushi, and then climbed the opposing cliff at the extreme left of the enemy's position, and by way of a shoot liable at any moment to be swept by stones collected to be cast down by the defenders. The first attempt to climb the shoot failed (except in the case of a single Gurkha), but a second effort was ultimately successful.

The story of these exciting incidents and of the rapid pacification of the country which followed is told with directness and zest. The author has infused his own vigour and animation into his book, which may be commended to the attention of readers of all kinds. W. M. CONWAY.

TWO CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.

Prometheus Bound. Translated from Aeschylus by Henry Howard Molyneux, Fourth Earl of Carnarvon. (John Murray.)

The Aeneid of Vergil. Books I. to VI. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades. (Longmans.)

FOURTEEN years ago the late Lord Carnarvon published a translation of the *Agamemnon*; in 1886 he gave us the first half of the *Odyssey* in blank verse; and now this version of the *Prometheus Bound*, completed but not thoroughly revised by him, has been judged worthy of publication by the distinguished scholar to whom it was submitted, and by whom it is pronounced "not less successful" than the version of the *Agamemnon*.

The translator, in his Preface (p. xi.), tells us that the excuse for his attempt is that "the translation of Greek into English has always been so favourite an occupation with me"; and really that is the best, perhaps the only, justification for such attempts. If they are made by those who find the pleasure greater than the drudgery, they will always be, in some measure, readable; in any case, it is pleasant to see, in this posthumous volume, a confirmation of M. Waddington's recent reminder that there is no resource, amid the storms and vicissitudes of politics, so helpful as a taste—be it for numismatics or literature—which is independent of votes.

The writer of the Introduction claims, as has been said, that this version is "not less successful" than that of the *Agamemnon*. It is, so far as I can judge, rather better, and for a simple reason. Lord Carnarvon (see Preface to his *Agamemnon*, p. xi.) despaired of making an adequate rendering of Aeschylus's choric odes: he thought their character "far beyond reproduction or imitation." And that is so; but it is a truth which, if allowed to haunt a translator overmuch, paralyses his hand; and accordingly, Lord Carnarvon's *Agamemnon* failed in the choruses—that is, in the most exceptional and unique part of the drama. In the *Prometheus*, he fails again in the choruses; but then, in the *Prometheus*, they are less prominent, while the dialogue, the narrative, the soliloquy, are predominant, and the translator is much more at home in them. That this is so, an extract in either kind may show. This is the beginning of the chorus (*στένω σέ, κ.τ.λ.*) ll. 397-435:

"Fraught with misery and bale
Thy dread fortune I bemoan;
O'er my cheeks flow down again,
Melting into gentle rain,
Floods of tears; for Zeus, who wills
Thee to suffer grievous ills,
From the gods of earlier race
Hides the brightness of his face.
Far as earth's wide boundary
Rises a sad bitter cry,
For thine ancient honours gone,
For thy brethren overthrown.
Yes—everywhere,
In deep despair,
They who tread the utmost bound
Of the holy Asian ground,
Fearless virgins, who delight
In the terrors of the fight;" &c.

It will not be denied, I think, that this "pipes and whistles in its sound"; what-

ever its thin melody recalls, it does not recall Aeschylus. Now Lord Carnarvon's blank verse is very superior to this: *e.g.*, on p. 42:

"Whereat my Sire, moved by these oracles
Of Loxias, sore against his will and mine,
Drove me from out the shelter of his roof,
And barred me from his door, the iron curb
O' Zeus constraining him to do the deed.
Straightway a change passed o'er my form and
mind,
And horned and heifer-shaped with frenzied
bound
I fled before the gadfly's biting sting;
Fled to Cenchrea's health-bestowing streams
And Lerna's fount; yet ever as I went
Argus the earthborn neat-herd, wrathful Argus,
Watched me with vision multitudinous,
And dogged my footsteps. Him a sudden doom
Swept out of life; but still I wander on
From land to land before the God-sent scourge."

The two passages differ, it seems to me, just in this—that the writer has hope and confidence in his blank verse equivalent, but none in his choric lay. If the secret history of verse translations could be revealed, I suspect that their failure in choric odes would be found attributable to the fact that the translator's mind and ear are trained to short and commonplace metres, such as we commit to memory early in life; and that, having got his mind on the rhythm of his own version, he thinks the form and gravity of the original more out of reach than they really are. If he violently shakes off the predisposition to take a familiar metre, he is apt to lapse into formless and irregular verse, or prose cut into lengths vaguely resembling the original lines. So difficult is it to do what looks so practicable.

The fact that Lord Carnarvon did not live to put the final touches to his translation accounts, no doubt, for certain small recurrent defects in it. If, for instance, on p. 13, "free" and "indignity" may pass as a rhyme, then, on the very first page, the opening speech of Strength, the blank verse rhymes twice over. On p. 15, ll. 219-20 of the original, *ταράρον μελαμβάθης κευθῶν* is rendered "the deep, dark wave of Hell," as if *κευθῶν* were κύμα. The graphic description of Salmydessus, ll. 726-7—

τραχεῖα πότον Σαλμυδησία γνάθος
ἔχθρ' ὀρέοντο ναῦται, μητρὶά νεῶν—

is diluted into

"Salmydessus whose rock-studded shoals
Are pitiless to ships and mariners,
Like some stepmother in her wrathful mood,"

which absolutely ignores the descriptive force of *γνάθος*, and turns *μητρὶά νεῶν* into a dull social simile. None the less, there are fine touches of poetry scattered up and down in the version, though only in the passages of prolonged narrative is there a sustained level of power.

Mr. Rhoades, like his recent predecessor, Lord Justice Bowen, gives us part, not the whole, of Vergil: in this case, it is the first half of the Aeneid, and the metre chosen is blank verse. "Nothing," says Mr. Rhoades (Pref., p. ix.), "savours so much of Vergil as parts of the blank verse of Milton and of Cowper." The names, perhaps, are not quite deservedly combined; but one sees the force of Mr. Rhoades's syllogism, so to call it.

The Aeneid is an epic.

Blank verse is the metre of the English epic.

∴ Blank verse is the proper metre for an English translation of Vergil.

Against it, I do not know what one can set, except the superior attractiveness of rhyme. A long epic in blank verse is very apt to be admired from a distance; and the *raison d'être* of translation is to tempt people to read. Hence, though I venture to think Mr. Rhoades's version better than Conington's translation in the metre of "Marmion," I yet doubt if it will find so many readers; it is less of an *ἡδυσμένος λόγος* than Conington's. But it is a beautiful piece of work. It is not, perhaps, so Miltonic in form as Canon Thornhill's: its blank verse is more uniform, though too good to be called monotonous; it expands Vergil too much, giving, I should say at a rough estimate, something over ten lines to eight. But it is hardly ever at fault in diction, and seldom in force. There are abundant felicities, and very few prosy touches in it. Here, for instance, is Dido's farewell (p. 132):

"A little while
Pausing for tears and thought, she cast herself
Upon the couch, and spake her latest words:
'Relics once dear, while fate and heaven allowed,
Take this my spirit, and from these woes release me.
My life is lived; the course by fortune given
I have fulfilled, and now the shade of me
Passes majestic to the world below.
I have built a noble city, mine own walls
Beheld, avenged my husband, and therewith
Wreaked on my brother the reward of hate:
Happy, ah! all too happy, if alone
The Dardan keels had never touched our shore!
She spake, and burying in the couch her face:
'I shall die unavenged, but let me die.'
She said: 'thus, thus with joy I take the road
To darkness. Let the cruel Dardan's eyes
Drink in the conflagration from the deep,
And my death-token haunt him on his way.'"

It is not faultless. There is, *e.g.*, a force in the future *ibi* which almost disappears in "passes"; but it is at once pathetic and dignified, in Vergil's own masterly way.

Here is a very different and much more difficult passage (Book VI., p. 203):

"Of fiery vigour, heavenly source those germs,
Save as impaired by flesh corruptible,
Dulled with frames earthy and limbs prone to
death.

Hence they desire, and fear, and grieve, and joy,
Nor light of heaven can they discern, shut fast
In the blind darkness of their prison-house.
Nay, nor when life with its last beam departs,
Doth every ill, or all the body's plagues,
Ah! hapless, leave them wholly: many a blot
Must, long ingrained there, cling in wondrous
wise.

Therefore by sorrow schooled, of their old ills
They pay the punishment: some hang exposed
To the void winds; some have the dye of guilt
Purged in vast whirlpool, or burnt out with fire.
Each his own shade we suffer - and then are sent
To range Elysium, and, some few, possess
Those happy fields—suffer, till lapse of time,
Now run full circle, shall eradicate
Each inbred blemish, and leave nought behind
But sense aetherial and pure spirit-fire."

Here, too, there are defects. Apart from the original, would anyone understand "each his own shade we suffer"? Does *gurgite* mean a whirlpool? Is it not rather the mighty deep, the *ἔρεβος ὑφαλον*? But, on the whole, can it be denied that the famous passage is here made not only impressive in English, but impressive in the Vergilian way?

Once or twice the result of knowing the original too well, appears in the form of ambiguous lines, which would mislead the reader who knows not the Latin tongue. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" is not to be misunderstood; but "E'en gift in hand, I fear the Danaï still" is certainly ambiguous. Sometimes, too, in the endeavour to vary his somewhat too-regular blank verse, Mr. Rhoades runs into unnecessarily harsh cadence—as, *e.g.*, in Book IV., l. 251, p. 114:

"Streams tumble, and a beard bristles stiff with ice."

But Virgil himself is not faultless, and how should his translator be so? I hope Mr. Rhoades will finish the Aeneid—*Sibi creditum debet Vergilium*.

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

The Princely Chandos: a Memoir of James Brydges. By John Robert Robinson. (Sampson Low.)

THE public appetite for the consumption of memoirs has been wonderfully sharpened of late years; but there cannot be many palates that can appreciate the career of Brydges, or wish to inform themselves of his wondrous rise in life. Even if we should confine our observation to the list of those who have enriched themselves, temporarily or permanently, from the profits of the post of paymaster to the British forces at home or abroad, it would not be difficult to select a few names which still need the services of a chronicler, and are more worthy of attention by a biographer. It was in this manner that the first Lord Holland filled his coffers with those vast sums which his prodigal sons spent with almost equal speed; but his life, varied as it was, has not yet been made the subject of a separate biography. A generation later, Rigby rioted for many years in the gains which accrued from that office; and though Rigby's name is still remembered as a thorough specimen of the political adventurer of the last century, no one has up to this date selected his life as the subject of a volume. These were men of conspicuous talent, skilled orators, and leaders in the parliamentary fray, whose acts and speeches were deserving of critical examination, while Brydges was only conspicuous for his wealth and the eccentric manner in which his ample resources were diminished. The opportunities which existed for the accumulation of wealth by the paymaster-general, opportunities which the successive occupants of the office were not slow to seize, are shown by the little statement of account printed on p. 21. It appears from these figures that Brydges had charged for an expenditure of over fifteen millions of pounds, that his audited accounts did not reach a total of one million, that his bills delivered, though unpassed, only came to a further sum of eleven millions, and that an outlay of more than three millions remained unaccounted for. Smollett and some other writers seem to imply that the last amount had fallen to the hands of Brydges. This is no doubt a heavy exaggeration; but when every allowance is made, it must be con-

fessed that the pickings of the office were enormous.

Chandos is as much entitled to the epithet of fortunate as to that of princely. Without any trait of genius, without even the traces of business capacity in excess of many of his contemporaries, he passed quickly from stage to stage in the social circle. He begins life as the heir to a barony, he succeeds to it on his father's death in October 1714, and three days later he is advanced to an earldom. Less than five years pass away, and the highest position in the peerage becomes his. He is now the Duke of Chandos, and the possessor of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. His rise has been rapid, and his place in the peerage nothing can fitch from him; but his wealth takes to itself wings, and his last years are clouded with pecuniary anxiety.

In the eyes of the present age, the sole feature of attraction in the duke's life is presented by his house of Canons, situate near Edgware, only a few miles from London. Of this wonderful mansion Mr. Robinson has pieced together from plans and maps a very interesting description. Scores of thousands of pounds were spent on its construction and decoration. The money expended in the improvement of the site fell but little short of that which Louis XIV. wasted at Versailles. Water for the canal and lake was brought by conduits from the springs at Stanmore. The fronts of the mansion were decorated with statues by skilled sculptors; the gardens were planned by the best landscape gardeners of the day. The house was approached by an avenue "nearly a mile long and sufficiently wide to allow three coaches to drive abreast"; and at one time its extravagant owner contemplated purchasing sufficient ground to make a private road for his own use from Canons to his town house in Cavendish-square. A body-guard of eight men from Chelsea Hospital patrolled the grounds during the night; they preceded him to church as halberdiers on the Sunday, while the music to which this august personage listened from his pew was composed and directed by Handel. Strangely enough, I do not find any mention of the supposition, erroneous though it may be, that the great musician composed the "Harmonious Blacksmith" from an incident during his residence at Canons. Pope's satire on this house, under the slight disguise of "Timon's villa," is reproduced at length by Mr. Robinson, and he has also reprinted the letters by which the ill-advised poet only strengthened the case against himself. Among the illustrations is Hogarth's cartoon, representing Pope as white-washing the gate of Burlington House and at the same time bespattering the coach of the Duke of Chandos. The folly of Canons is the only circumstance that keeps alive the name of the Duke of Chandos.

W. P. COURTNEY.

Essays on Lord Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." By Harold Littledale. (Macmillans.)

THE "Idylls of the King" lend themselves, more readily, perhaps, than any other poem of our own time, to commentary and analysis. The happy combination of idyll and epic, which evokes the infinite variety of their charm, gives them also a diversity of interest, so that they appeal to a wider circle than any other of Tennyson's works. The student of metre, the analyst of character, the historian, the artist, and the preacher—each finds in the Idylls matter to his own mind; and much valuable literature has already gathered around Tennyson's treatment of the Arthurian legend. The spiritual significance of the poem has been treated by Dr. Henry Van Dyke; the characters in the epic have been analysed once and for all by Mr. E. C. Tainsch; and many partial attempts have been made to trace the variations between Tennyson's story and the original version contained in the *Mabinogion* and Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*. Students of Tennyson have, however, for a long while felt the need of a commentary which should compare, in a convenient form, the earlier and later versions of the legend, and give, within the limits of a brief survey, all such references as are necessary to a more detailed study of the differences between Tennyson and Malory. Tennyson's method has always been one of condensation. "I soon found out," he said to Mr. Knowles, "that if I meant to make any mark at all it must be by shortness, for all the men before me had been so diffuse, and all the big things had been done." The "big thing," so far as the Arthurian legend is concerned, had been done four hundred years before Tennyson published the first of his Idylls; but the man before him had been diffuse. Tennyson's condensation of Malory is so complete and vivid that a comparison of the two versions implies a continual search, through long anecdotes omitted in the epic, before the thread of the story, once dropped, can be recovered. Mr. Littledale's book is designed to aid such a search, but not to supplant it; and, as a commentary and a book of reference, it supplies a distinct want, and it supplies it to the full.

The title is somewhat misleading. In *Essays on Lord Tennyson's "Idylls of the King,"* we rather expect a series of critical studies—estimates, appreciations—treating the epic from various points of view, and combining, as it were, the qualities of Dr. Van Dyke and Mr. Tainsch. We find instead a volume for the writing-desk rather than for the arm-chair. Its contents are not, strictly speaking, essays at all. Each poem is treated in turn, briefly analysed, and then compared with the original version; and every chapter is interspersed by notes explaining the more obscure allusions, and supplying parallel references on questions of style and vocabulary. Mr. Littledale has, in short, adopted three functions: to analyse, to compare, and to annotate; and, while his book demands attention in each of these fields, his success has been achieved principally in

the second. His analyses of the poems are clear and just, but they show very little individuality and are somewhat lacking in illumination. When he expands his account with first-hand comment he is too often trivial, if not positively puerile. No serious study of Malory should break into such a feeble jest as the following, which is supplied as a comment upon "The Last Tournament."

"The quarrel between Mark and Tristram, alluded to in line 543, was about a lady, an earl's wife, whom Tristram and Mark both 'loved passing well,' and she loved Tristram 'passing well.' Her husband, Sir Segwarides, objected, and was brought 'home on his shield' as the result of his having remonstrated with Tristram. See Malory vii, 13, 14. If being carried home on his shield was all that an injured husband could reasonably expect when a Tristram or a Gawain had to be called to order, it does not seem altogether strange that 'Mark's Way' should have been sometimes resorted to as affording a preferable 'satisfaction.'"

There is an insipid lack of flavour about commentary of this kind. Happily it is rare in Mr. Littledale's volume; his analysis is usually bare outline, serving merely for the comparison between Malory and Tennyson.

In his annotations Mr. Littledale supplies us with newer and more valuable matter. Many of his explanations are original and suggestive: almost everything that he says will repay consideration. But the notes are inclined to be too full—a fault, perhaps, attributable to the fact that they were, in the first place, designed for the use of undergraduates in an Indian college. Mr. Littledale has not escaped the danger of the too assiduous commentator, who is so anxious to be explicit that he can scarcely leave his author to appeal to the imagination at all. Surely it is unnecessarily ornithological to discuss the line

"A thousand pips eat up you sparrow-hawk."

in the direct light of the ailments of the poultry yard! The number of parallel passages, too, is excessive. What reasonable ground can there be for supposing that, when Tennyson alludes to the "peacock in his pride," he is recalling a passage from Stanley's *History of Birds*? This kind of comment is so easily overdone; and then it becomes merely wearisome. As a matter of construction, too, it may be pointed out that the notes would be far better placed were they set by themselves at the close of each chapter. As it is, they are scattered at random amid comment and comparison, so as to disturb the attention of the reader, and detract from the continuity of Mr. Littledale's argument. This is particularly true of the chapter on "Merlin and Vivien," which is very confusedly arranged.

But, having said so much, we find nothing left but praise for the manner in which Mr. Littledale has performed the third of his tasks—that of the collation and comparison of Malory's and Tennyson's versions of the Arthurian legend. In this respect his little volume is invaluable; and no collection of Tennysonianiana will henceforward be complete in its absence. The book opens with an interesting and useful survey of the

history of the myth from its earliest movement among the British rhapsodists to its crystallisation in Tennyson; and a chapter which follows, on Arthurian characters and localities, is both helpful and suggestive. The volume then proceeds to the discussion of the origin of each of the poems, and marks, concisely and clearly, every point at which Tennyson introduces original matter into the narrative. One of the main excellences of Mr. Littledale's work is his moderation: he does not attempt to supplant, by his researches, a study of the original; he only desires to be the reader's guide to Malory—his "literary Baedekker." For desk-work, for rough and ready scholarship, his volume will be found amply sufficient; but its principal value will lie in the readiness with which it refers the more conscientious student to any passage in the *Morte d'Arthur* which he may wish to consult, and in the assistance which it affords to a first-hand study of Tennyson himself. And it is for this purpose that the book is designed. Mr. Littledale is no mere bibliographer; his work is concerned, indeed, with the dry bones of his subject, but he is always pointing us to the spirit of life which can reanimate them. His expressed aim is to lead his reader to the poet, who can breathe upon these bones that they may live. "We must read poetry," he says, "not for the sake of the particles of literary dust that adhere to it, but for its own sake, and for the poet's sake, sincerely and sympathetically."

Yes, and we must read it for its own sake, and for the poet's sake, first, with sincerity and sympathy. But afterwards, when familiarity has bred affection, we naturally desire to know more of the origin and inner fabric of the living poem whose outside has so charmed us. It is then that a book like Mr. Littledale's proves its value, by helping our study to an increased sincerity and a deeper sympathy.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

NEW NOVELS.

The Marplot. By Sidney R. Lysaght. In 3 vols. (Macmillans.)

The Last of the Dynmokes. By Claude Bray. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Master Don Gesualdo. Translated by Mary A. Craig from the Italian of Giovanni Verga. In 2 vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

Wreckage. By Hubert Crackanthorpe. (Heinemann.)

The Tragedy of Ida Noble. By W. Clark Russell. (Hutchinson.)

Sport Royal. By Anthony Hope. (Innes.)

Le Chemin qui monte. By A. Filon. (Paris: Hachette.)

In many ways Miss or Mr. Lysaght's novel (for "Sidney" is one of the most epicene of Christian names, and the book contains things attributable to either sex) is a very good and refreshing one. The opening, in particular, is so remarkably good that it may be said to do injustice to the rest by raising unreasonable expectations. The treatment and style have a sufficient crisp-

ness and modernity, without falling into any of the vices of what Dryden calls, with his royal and annihilating good nature, "a company of warm young men who are not arrived so far as to discern fustian from the true sublime"—which warm young men be very rife in Zion to-day. Although our constant, and no doubt most unreasonable, demand for a "live character" is not quite granted here, it is impossible to say that any one of the characters is unnatural, and their talk at any rate is quite authentic. The situations, though pretty audacious, are managed with a perfect freedom from offensiveness. This is high praise, and we do not intend to "go back on it" in the least degree. But the book does not as a whole live up to its own best characteristics. The catastrophe is excessively and yet not courageously melodramatic, and it has the additional drawback of suggesting (though it is really quite different) that of *MacLeod of Dare*. The introduction of the thing called an American duel—which is revolting to many who think the disuse of duelling proper a very doubtful gain—is a mistake, and the hero's dealing with his share therein is, if not exactly revolting, repulsive. In fact, throughout Dick Malory is uncertainly handled: and though his conduct in various scenes cannot be said to be impossible or even improbable, it makes an incongruous whole. This is a pity: for, as we have said, the merits of the book are almost great, and certainly unusual.

There is no difficulty of this sort about *The Last of the Dynmokes*, which is a very straightforward book of the Wilkie Collins type, and well suited to afford a reasonable amount of delectation to sportsmen and sportswomen in this particular field. Mr. Bray has indeed "laid it on" a little too much at the end, by the extraordinary multiplicity of the ways in which everybody turns out to be somebody else: and we think (but, allowing him the benefit of a doubt, are not sure) that he has fallen into that novelist's man-trap—the law of testamentary disposition. But few of his probable clients are likely to be hypercritical in these respects, and in others he is a liberal and not unskilful provider. He has evidently a considerable familiarity with the New Forest, knows something of the North of England, can draw a very fair stage quack, and is never at a loss to provide his personages with dialogue which, if not strikingly good, is passable and possible in their mouths. Which things are good gifts: and we heartily wish that everybody who sits down to the perpetration of a three-volume novel either had them, or, having them not, would perceive the fact and abandon the task.

The point is one on which it is somewhat unsafe for a critic to decide off-hand; but we should imagine that most English readers, who are acquainted with the very high praises lavished on *Master Don Gesualdo* in the original, will be somewhat disappointed when they read it in Miss Craig's English or American version. The fact is, that such intensely local colour as Signor Verga deals and excels in, requires the assistance of the original language, unless

an author is absolutely of the first class of novelists. And this we do not think Signor Verga is. Also, the translation seems to us to bring out the traces of that imitation of the French novel which is so frequent and, to our thinking, so fatal in the novels of almost all continental nations nowadays. But if the story interest has thus, to our thinking, to some extent, evaporated, much of the interest of the painting of manners remains, as well as the interest of those national differences which it is almost inadequate to call manners.

Mr. Crackanthorpe's *Wreckage* must induce, in the soul of any one tolerably experienced in life and letters, a fit of the disease called *melancholia ironica*—the most incurable, though not, perhaps, either the most common or the most painful, of mental ailments. We had hardly thought it possible for any one to be quite so innocent, and quite so young, as Mr. Crackanthorpe is. He has read many French novels; his heart has burned within him at the slavery of the English novelist to the young person; he has determined to treat life with candour; and the result is—*Wreckage*. For his first few pages, his eye has been so firmly fixed on his Impressionist and Naturalist models, that the very form of his sentences is French rather than English; and though, later in the book, he is often vernacular enough in phrase, he never forgets what he is trying to imitate in subject. His first tale is the history of a young woman, who could only be fitly described in the terms which Dr. Johnson used to Mr. Boswell when that good man told him of a lady friend of his who had unconventional desires. But the doctor was allowed to use words which are not permitted to us in this ghastly thin-faced time, and so we must leave the passage to the identification of Boswellians. The remaining stories follow this lead fairly enough. We have little doubt that they gave Mr. Crackanthorpe a holy joy in writing them; they will give others, perhaps, joy, holy or unholy, in reading them, and they will certainly shock Mrs. Grundy. Us they shock not; neither do we find them delectable. For they only illustrate the old law or laws of such things. Every artist is perfectly free to choose any subject, however morally or physically ugly it be, provided he is strong enough to make the delight of his art overcome the disgust of his subject. We do not find this strength in Mr. Crackanthorpe. We may add that, as a matter of fact, it is not common to find even one—let alone more than one—literary artist at any time in the wide world who does possess such strength. Whence the other maxim—much scoffed at by the "warm young men," but a very good empirical truth for all that—that such subjects are best left alone.

Mr. Clark Russell's motives are about as constant as, according to an ancient waiter at the Trafalgar, used to be the menu of a Greenwich dinner, "Two zootjes, Sir, two stews, two fries, and two baits," he used to say. One open boat, one honest sailor-man more or less young, one queer craft, one young woman, these are Mr. Russell's invariables, or almost invariables. He has

combined them in *The Tragedy of Ida Noble*, with very sufficient, if not very startling, ingenuity; and we have read the book with satisfaction. We do not like the end, which indeed, rather after Mr. Russell's fashion, is an end and no end. The motives which induced Don Christoval to undertake an abduction of a character better suited to the ninth century than the nineteenth, still more those which induced his friend Don Lazarillo to play the capitalist on that occasion, are left very hazy; while the character, history, and so forth of Miss Ida Noble (who, unlike Hilda Wangel, did not consider it frightfully thrilling to be carried off by Vikings) are most imperfectly portrayed. However, the story of the *La Casandra's* cruise is well told, and that is all that matters.

There is one story in Mr. Anthony Hope's little book which delighted us when it first appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, and delights us not less on reperusal. How Miss Maggie Lester "had nothing on," and, what was more, said "it made no odds whether she had or not," as she stood in the passage with a captain in Her Majesty's army; how even the captain, with a somewhat last and lingering sense of propriety, said "she ought to have put her boots on;" how an ancient maiden did much evil think; and what it all meant—is very good fooling indeed, and there are other things in the volume not unworthy of it.

M. Filon's *Le Chemin qui monte* is a story of French provincial life which is not prudish, and yet not in the least disagreeable to anybody but very prudish persons indeed. The scene is laid at Grenoble; the personages are well realised; there is a consummation which is an agreeable mixture of poetical justice and poetical injustice (an entity quite as important as her sister), and the whole may be recommended.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CURRENT THEOLOGY.

Essays and Addresses. By H. P. Liddon, D.D. (Longmans.) The special interest of this little volume is that it shows us the author under a new aspect—as a scholar rather than a preacher, as resting and refreshing his mind with poetry and history rather than exhausting his strong energies in the duty of prophesying to his generation. The volume contains two lectures on Buddhism, two lectures on St. Paul, and three papers on Dante read before the Oxford Dante Society. The two lectures on St. Paul's career need not detain us. They are fine examples of judicious compression, which is at the same time vivid and eloquent. They are characteristic examples of the late Canon's fiery energy of phrase, by which he gave life to his wide and accurate knowledge. The lectures on Buddha are more definitely lectures than those on St. Paul. The first gives an account of the life of Buddha and the spread of his teachings; the second institutes a "comparison between Buddhism and Christianity." Two opposite tendencies of Dr. Liddon's mind become strikingly apparent in the course of his inquiry. We are, in the first place, much impressed by the keenness of his sympathy and the candour of his expression of it; his admiration is enthusiastic and irrepressible; he conveys to us a most vivid con-

ception of the splendour of the Buddha's gentle and humble unselfishness. But in the second place the partisan Christian must continually assert himself: his admiration of Buddhism is almost in spite of himself—"Christianity is essentially different from this and the other great religions of the world." It is true that "human nature reflects or inflicts a common human element on all religions, true and false alike." It is true, also, that "no religion, however false, is so false as not to contain some elements of truth." But these admissions lead, at last, to the position that the Personal God and dogmatic creed of Christianity make it essentially different from Buddhism and superior to it. The papers on Dante deal specially with his theological thought, and therefore specially with Aquinas. The career of Aquinas, "who really baptized Aristotelian thought," is sketched in two papers, and Dante's debt to him indicated, while the third paper deals with St. Francis and the Franciscans. Our space will not allow us to illustrate the careful scholarship and the literary grace of these lectures and essays. They are painstaking in the best sense, but their style is always distinguished and strong. Readers of all sorts and conditions will find the volume full of interest.

Revelation and the Bible. By R. F. Horton. (Fisher Unwin.) Mr. Horton's preface explains that he looks upon this volume as complementary to his *Inspiration and the Bible*. "That work was an inquiry, and seemed to many readers destructive rather than positive"; this work, therefore, is avowedly "an attempt at reconstruction," or in the more modest language of the preface, "a series of suggestions towards this most hopeful work of reconstruction." In dealing with the Old Testament, Mr. Horton "has followed the lines which Prof. Driver has laid down in his *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*"; in dealing with the New Testament, he has "started from the critical conclusions which are given in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*." It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Horton travels over a very wide field—too wide a field, in our opinion. We cannot admit that the problem of reconstruction for the Old and New Testament is the same, but Mr. Horton's method implies that it is. His book would be more valuable if it dealt only with the Old Testament. To explain to the ordinary church-goer the reasons why such a book as Prof. Driver's *Introduction* must be accepted as a true account of the composition and of the contents of the books of the Old Testament, and to persuade him that such an acceptance does not involve a rejection of any of the essential truths of the Christian religion—these are Mr. Horton's aims in the first half of his book. He has special qualifications for his task. He is a scholar, with the scholar's reverence for accuracy and thoroughness, and scorn of what is illogical and stupid; but he is also a popular preacher, with the preacher's comprehension of the state of the mind of the ordinary layman, and the preacher's earnest anxiety to help him and serve him. It is the special merit of Mr. Horton's books that they succeed in a high degree in being both scholarly and popular. When we have thus clearly stated Mr. Horton's merits, we may be allowed to point out what we consider his defects. We do not find him so rigorous as a thinker as he is accurate as a scholar and earnest as a preacher. We cannot, for instance, discover what his definition of revelation is.

"By *Revelation*," he says, "is meant a truth or truths received from God into the minds of men, not by ordinary methods of inquiry, such as observation and reasoning, but by a direct operation of the Holy Spirit."

There are truths, he thinks, which "can be shown to us only by methods which are out of the ordinary; they must be revealed." This is to say that the wind and the thunder are more than the still small voice. The theory in fact dishonours the truths it would place upon a pinnacle, because it makes the manner of their announcement of more importance than their own contents. In the course of Mr. Horton's inquiry, his conception of revelation as something peculiar to the Hebrew Scripture makes him continually grudging and captious in his judgment of Gentile scriptures. The natural feeling of the student who reads for the first time the Babylonian flood story is one of surprise at its nearness to the Hebrew account, but such natural feeling Mr. Horton's tendency is to stifle. He fears to say with Christ, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." But our last word must be one of praise. On the whole, Mr. Horton tells us clearly and carefully just what we are wanting to know about our Old Testament books.

"THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE."—*The Acts of the Apostles.* Vol. II. By G. T. Stokes, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Dr. Stokes treats chapters viii. to xxviii. of the Acts in the same space which he has given to chapters i. to vii. In his first volume he stated his reasons for expounding the history of the thirty years of chapters i. to vii. with special elaboration, and we shall sufficiently criticise those reasons by saying that the volume before us gains greatly as an exposition by its greater compression. Dr. Stokes is naturally discursive and copious. The liveliness and versatility of his mind make his work always interesting, but they need to be checked rather than encouraged when he is professedly an expositor. The different volumes of the Expositor's Bible are probably only more popular because they do not follow any fixed rule in the length of their exposition, but the editor must be careful to give us specimens of scholarly compression as well as of genial expansion. Dr. Stokes's second volume is very nearly a Life of St. Paul. It is written with vigour and lucidity, and takes a high place among the volumes of the series. It is not a mere compilation, but gives us on all essential points the author's own opinions, and his reasons for them. Dr. Stokes does not lay claim to the authority of a specialist with regard to the Acts; he frankly tells us the books he has used, and most sensibly gives his quotations from the Fathers in English. His work as an expositor is, of course, all the better because he is rather a preacher and teacher than a scholar. We are sorry that he thinks it necessary to apologise with such acrimony for not giving us "the endless theories supplied by German ingenuity" regarding the composition of his treatise. One would suppose from his language that all German theological writers belonged to the Tübingen school. He forgets entirely that German criticism on Jewish and Christian history is of the same value as German criticism upon Greek and Roman history. One of the most noticeable excellencies of the volume is the able use made of Prof. Ramsay's writings. We note that Dr. Stokes still retains the notion that the Apostles preached miraculously in the languages of the tribes they visited, but practically in his exposition the portentous fact is ignored; and therefore his book does not suffer. It is surely strange that a miracle which created such excitement in Jerusalem on its first occurrence should have been received everywhere else as a matter of course.

WE must content ourselves with recording that Mr. W. B. Woodgate—whose name is well known in another connexion—has published (Chapman & Hall) a volume entitled *A Modern Layman's Faith: Concerning the Creed and Breed of the "Thoroughbred Man."*

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Clarendon Press will publish in a few days Part VII. of the *New English Dictionary*, by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, continuing though not concluding the letter C. One of the most interesting features is the history of the word "cross" and its derivatives.

It has been decided that the commemorative volume on *Winchester College* shall not be published before the autumn, in order that it may include a record of the proceedings at the quingentenary celebration in July. It will consist of articles relating to the foundation, history, and buildings of the school, with sketches of the life of the boys at different times, and verses on themes of Wykehamical interest. Among the writers will be the Earl of Selborne, who has promised a paper on William of Wykeham; the Bishops of Southwell and Salisbury; and the Dean of Winchester (not himself, by the way, a Wykehamist) who will describe the work of Wykeham in the Cathedral. Mr. Herbert Marshall—who, again, is not a Wykehamist—contributes about thirty illustrations, many of them full-page, representing the outward aspect and life of the school. Subscriptions, at one guinea, may be sent to Mr. A. K. Cook, 58, Kingsgate-street, Winchester. The London publisher is Mr. Edward Allen.

PROF. J. W. HALES has put together a volume of notes and essays on English literature, which will be published immediately, under the title of *Folia Litteraria*, by Messrs. Seeley & Co.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a work on *Servilaby: the Home of the Champions*, by Mr. Samuel Lodge. It will give much new and interesting information about the Marmion and Dymoke families, and will contain many curious illustrations.

THE next volume to be issued in the "Bibliothèque de Carabas" will be *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies*, written by Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle in 1691, with a comment by Mr. Andrew Lang and dedicatory verses to Mr. R. L. Stevenson. Returning to the fashion of the early volumes, there will be two illustrations—a frontispiece by Mr. J. Lockhart Bogle, and a tailpiece by Mr. J. D. Batten.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce a new work by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, uniform with his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." It will be called *The Wilderness Hunter: An Account of the Big Game of the United States, and its Chase with Horse, Hound, and Rifle*. It will be handsomely illustrated.

MR. MACKENZIE BELL will shortly publish a volume entitled *Spring's Immortality and Other Poems*, which includes a series of "Pictures of Travel." It will be dedicated to the American critic, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman.

MR. PAKENHAM BEATTY will publish immediately, through Messrs. Bell, a volume of poems entitled *Spretæ Carmina Musæ*.

MR. R. MAYNARD LEONARD's anthology, *The Dog in British Poetry*, will be issued by Mr. Nutt within the next few days.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON are about to publish a book by Mrs. A. M. Hone, entitled *Woman's Enterprise and Genius*. The volume deals with those ladies who, by their efforts and achievements, have opened avenues to success for all who may be desirous of employing their time in philanthropical, literary, artistic, musical, exploring, professional or commercial enterprise. It will be illustrated with portraits of many of the ladies mentioned.

AT an early date will appear *Bygone Warwickshire*, edited by Mr. William Andrews, of Hull. The history, romance, old customs, and

folklore of the county will receive consideration. Mr. W. E. A. Axon writes on "St. Wulfstan: a Warwickshire Saint"; Miss Toulmin Smith on "The Guild of Holy Cross, Birmingham."

THE complete works of Mr. Samuel Laycock, the popular Lancashire author, will shortly be published by Mr. W. E. Clegg, of Oldham, in one volume of about 400 pages, entitled *Warblin's fro' an Owd Songster*. The book will consist of poems, songs, tales, &c., principally written in the Lancashire dialect. It will be illustrated by several well-known local artists; and a portrait of the author, with a sketch of his life, will be included.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish immediately a revised edition of *Our Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell.

A SECOND edition has been called for of Mr. Hatton's new novel *Under the Great Seal*. The same author's novel, *By Order of the Czar*, is going into a new edition, completing 30,000 copies; and a sixth edition is in the press of *The Princess Mazaroff*.

AT the monthly meeting of the Bibliographical Society, to be held at 20, Hanover-square, on Monday next, May 15, Mr. R. Copley Christie, chancellor of the diocese of Manchester and one of the vice-presidents of the society, will read a paper on "Special Bibliographies," to be followed by a discussion.

ON Thursday next, May 18, Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe will begin a course of four lectures at the Royal Institution, on "The Geographical Distribution of Birds"; on Tuesday, May 23, Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh will begin a course of three lectures on "The Waterloo Campaign"; and on Saturday, May 27, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie will begin a course of three lectures on "Verdi's Falstaff."

HARROW has an octocentenary to celebrate—not, of course, of the school, but of the parish church, which claims to have been consecrated in 1094. In view of this event, the Rev. W. Done Bushell, one of the assistant masters, has published (Cambridge: Macmillan and Bowes) the first of a series of "Harrow Octocentenary Tracts." It contains the original Latin text, with translations and a facsimile, of the three earliest documents in which the name of Harrow is mentioned, and which explain the old connexion with the see of Canterbury. One of these is the well-known charter of Clovesho (A.D. 825) by which the Abbess Cwoenthryth grants (*inter alia*) one hundred hides in the neighbourhood of Harrow to Archbishop Wulfred; and the editor draws attention to some points in this charter which have been misunderstood.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued this week a new edition of *The Poetical Works of Milton*, by Prof. David Masson. This is substantially a reprint of the edition of 1882, though of somewhat larger size, being globe octavo instead of foolscap octavo. We may add that, while ample for all ordinary purposes, it does not contain quite everything to be found in the library edition (1890), which will remain for long the standard authority for the text and bibliography of Milton.

WE have received an advanced proof of an article on "Australian Literature," from the forthcoming *Year-book of Australia*. The compiler is constrained to admit that "the output of Australian literature for 1892 is the reverse of literary in its character," consisting mainly of catalogues, records, registers, and reports. We notice, however, an essay on "George Meredith, Poet and Novelist," by Prof. W. M. McCallum, of Sydney University.

DURING almost the whole of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling the library of Mr. Edwin Walker, of Huddersfield, which is specially interesting as showing the taste of a very modern collector. It would be going too far to say that not a single work of the last century is to be found in the Catalogue; for there happens to be a fine copy of Blomefield's *Norfolk*. But it is certain that by far the greater number of the books are dated within the last thirty or forty years. In themselves, therefore, they cannot be called rare; but they are made so by the fact that they are first editions, printed on large paper, extra-illustrated, or bound by Zaehnsdorf. Ornithology, poetry, history, and travel—all seem to have attracted Mr. Walker; but it seems notable that the name which occupies most space in the Catalogue is that of Mr. Andrew Lang. Among the lots, we may specially mention: a nearly complete series of Gould's *Birds*; Halliwell-Phillipps's folio edition of *Shakspeare* (which very rarely comes into the market); *The Strayed Reveller* and *Empedocles on Etna*; uniformly bound sets of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne; and several examples of the Kelmscott Press, the price of which has not yet been tested at auction.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. ROBERT ADAMSON, who succeeded Jevons as professor of logic and philosophy at Owens College in 1876, has been appointed by the Crown to the new chair of logic at Aberdeen, which forms part of the dual office occupied by the late Prof. Minto.

PROF. HUXLEY has chosen "Evolution and Ethics" as the subject of the second Romanes Lecture, which he is to deliver at Oxford on Thursday next, May 18.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge recommend the appointment of a university lecturer in Aramaic, with a stipend of £200. Hitherto, lectures in Aramaic have been given each term by the late Prof. Bensley.

THE statute proposing to constitute a new Ford professorship of English history at Oxford has been rejected in Convocation by a majority of 73 votes to 53.

THE managers of the Craven Fund at Cambridge have appointed Mr. E. F. Benson, of King's College, to the Craven studentship for the year beginning July 1, 1893. They have also made a grant of £80 to Mr. A. G. Bather, of King's College, for exploration of sites and other special study in connexion with the British School at Athens.

A MEETING was to be held in the library of the Divinity School, Cambridge, on Friday of this week, to hear a paper read by the Master of St. John's (the Rev. Dr. C. Taylor) on "Some Early Evidence for the Twelve Verses, St. Mark xvi. 9-20." After the paper, Mr. J. Rendel Harris had promised to make some remarks on recent accessions to the knowledge of the subject.

APPLICATIONS are invited at Cambridge, to be sent by May 27, for the office of university lectureship in geography. The stipend is £200, and the term is five years.

THE late Earl of Derby succeeded Earl Granville in 1891 as chancellor of the University of London, having been for thirty-five years previously a member of the Senate. He was also the first president of University College, Liverpool, and the founder of the chair of natural history there which is called after his name. To each of these bodies he has bequeathed by will the sum of £2000, to found a scholarship or prize. The council at Liverpool have resolved "to perpetuate his memory by

the erection of a stained glass window with his armorial bearings, in the place of honour in the hall of the Victoria building, towards which he was a generous donor."

At the general meeting of Convocation of London University, held on Tuesday, resolutions were passed: (1) that ability to speak a modern language should be recognised in the examination for the M.A. degree in modern languages; and (2) that a new degree should be established, to be called the degree of Master in Education.

SOME contemplated sanitary improvements in connexion with the kitchens of St. John's College, Cambridge, will probably necessitate next month the demolition of the rooms occupied by Wordsworth during his life as an undergraduate of the college, 1787-91. These are the rooms of which he wrote in a famous passage of the *Prelude*—

"from my pillow looking forth by light
Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought,
alone."

For some years past these rooms have been used as storerooms; but the structural arrangements remain apparently as in Wordsworth's time, and quite correspond to the description given by Miss Fenwick, who was with Wordsworth when he revisited the place in 1839:

"One of the meanest and most dismal apartments it must be in the whole university; but here (he said in showing it) I was as joyous as a lark. There was a dark closet taken off it for his bed. The present occupant had pushed his bed into the darkest corner; but he [Wordsworth] showed us how he drew his bed to the door that he might see the top of the window in Trinity College Chapel, under which stands that glorious statue of Sir Isaac Newton."—*Correspondence of Henry Taylor* (1888), p. 123.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

BAUDELAIRE.

A PARIS gutter of the good old times,
Black and putrescent in its stagnant bed,
Save where the shamble oozings fringe it red,
Or scaffold trickles, or nocturnal crimes.
It holds dropped gold; dead flowers from tropic
climes;
Gems true and false, by midnight maskers shed;
Old pots of rouge; old broken phials that spread
Vague fumes of musk, with fumes from slums and
slimes.
And everywhere as glows the set of day
Along the windings of the fetid mire,
There floats the gorgeous iris of decay:
A wavy film of colour gold and fire
Trembles all through it as you pick your way,
And streaks of purple that are straight from Tyre.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

OBITUARY.

JOHN TREFUSIS PUNNETT.

THERE has just passed away, at Hampstead, one who to a small circle gave proof of a strength of philosophic capacity and purpose that would, under other external conditions, have resulted in the commanding position of a teacher of his age.

John Trefusis Punnett was the son of a Cornish clergyman, known at Cambridge as one of the most brilliant men of his day, and was born in 1836. After going up to his father's college and taking his degree in classics and mathematics, he tried his hand at teaching, then at journalism, writing for some years for the *Daily News*, and at last became a city merchant. When the present writer first met him, he at once impressed him by the range

of his interests and knowledge, being equally at home in the domain of practical economics, of literary criticism, and of metaphysics. His remarks, whether in the discussion of a philosophic society, or, better still, in a conversation of three or four friends, always had a peculiar weight and momentum, which was due, not merely to the full and accurate knowledge, the discerning judgment, and the artist's mastery of words, but to the strong, one might almost say fierce, conviction which impelled the speech. Few men of his time had been better able than he, by right of the requisite experience and philosophic training, to grapple with some of the perplexing social problems of his day. As it is, all that the world can know of him is to be found in two ethical essays printed in *Mind*, one on "Efficiency as a Proximate End in Morals" (vol. vi.), and the other on "Ethical Alternatives" (vol. x.). These are remarkable, not only for the perfect critical assimilation which they evince of writers so various as Mr. H. Spencer, Prof. Clifford, Prof. Green, and Emerson, but for the way in which they bring ethical discussion into touch with the actualities of contemporary life. He here takes up a position somewhat analogous to that of Prof. Clifford, accepting evolution as the only available basis, in our troublous time, for ethical construction, but relentlessly shearing off from the evolutionary principle the parasitic branch of hedonism, which in Mr. Spencer's system disfigures it. The end is defined in the earlier paper as "Efficiency," and in the second as growth or "Progress." The criticism of Mill's Utilitarianism from this point of view is acute and effective. Both articles teem with felicitous touches, which the *Cathedra* philosophers might well envy. Here are one or two:—"He had caught a great cold," says the quaint Fuller, "if he had naught else to warm himself with than the skin of the bear not yet killed." We, too, it seems, are in danger of catching a great cold if we wait till the hedonists have made themselves ready to protect us." "To conscious and calculating suitors happiness has a provoking trick of answering 'Not at home.'" "The utilitarian franchise is an occupation one in theory, but has come to be educational in practice." But Punnett's real achievement was not a new philosophic announcement for his age, but rather the thinking out by the help of other teachers of a doctrine of life which might at once guide and inspire his own footsteps. Such a doctrine he gradually developed, ever enriching and broadening it by new reading and new reflection. How his clear philosophic vision of a worthy end, of a profound significance in life, brought strength, nobility, and something of happy calm into his own life, sorely afflicted towards the close, will not be forgotten by those who knew him. Such lives as Punnett's are rare, combining, as they do, with the perfect happiness which Aristotle associates with intellectual excellence, another and perhaps not inferior happiness which comes by way of moral excellence, strenuously won through the daily brave confronting of labours and cares, and the ready and generous responding to other's claims.

J. S.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

MISS EMMA ELIZABETH THOYTS contributes to the *Antiquary* a paper on "Old Berkshire School Games," which she promises to continue in a future number. It is written with exceptional grace, and contains the text of seven accompanying ditties. In their present form these cannot be older than the sixteenth or seventeenth century, but many of

them point to a period far earlier. The first in Miss Thoyts' collection is new to us. It is called "Isabella," but may not inaptly be described as a child's drama of marriage. Miss Thoyts says that they are little plays, and that whenever possible the children act all the characters. Canon Wood writes about a forgotten saint, Saint Fremond, who was honoured at Cropredy and some few other places. Whether such a person ever existed may not unreasonably be called in question, notwithstanding the fact that two or three biographies of him have existed. He is said to have been a son of King Offa. Mr. Robert Blair gives an account of the museum at Callaly Castle, Northumberland. This collection seems to be in excellent order. It is, we regret to say, almost unknown to students, although it contains a great number of objects of exceptional interest. The Rev. F. W. Weaver prints the will of Nicholas Carent, a fifteenth century Dean of Wells. It is curious from the fact that in the preamble there is no mention of the Blessed Virgin or other saints. Is it an abridgment, or have the registrars in the Archbishop's court, where it has recently been discovered, given all the words of the document? Mr. R. C. Hope continues his notes on the "Holy Wells of Scotland." The counties of Renfrew and Ross are dealt with in the present number.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DELAUROUX, Eugène, *Journal de*. Paris: Pion. 15 fr.
FOURNIER, E. *Chroniques et légendes des Rues de Paris*. Paris: Dentu. 5 fr.
GRABBELEFS, die alttschen. 4. Lfg. Berlin: Spemann. 60 M.
HERMANT, Abel. *Les Confidences d'une Aïeule (1788-1868)*. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 75 c.
HEUSSEY, E. du P. de. *Villiers de l'Isle Adam: l'écrivain l'homme*. Paris: Savine. 3 fr. 50 c.
L'Europe politique en 1892-3. 3e Fasc. Bulgarie, Danemark, Espagne. Paris: Leconte. 3 fr.
LEROY-BRAULIS, Anatole. *Israel chez les Nations*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
LEXIS, W. *Die deutschen Universitäten*. Berlin: Asher. 24 M.
MEISSNER, F. *Der Einfluss deutschen Geistes auf die französische Literatur d. 19. Jahrh. bis 1870*. Leipzig: Benger. 5 M.
NOTOVITCH, N. *L'Empereur Alexandre III. et son entourage*. Paris: Ollendorff. 7 fr. 50 c.
SEIDLITZ, W. v. *Zeichnungen deutscher Künstler v. Carstens bis Mense*. München. 120 M.
TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE, la Ctesse. *Stéphanie de. Mon séjour aux Tuileries (1852-1858)*. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- BAMBERGER, M. L. *Josef Nachmias u. sein Commentar zum Buche Esther*. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 60 Pf.
BASTIAN, A. *Der Buddhismus als religionsphilosophisches System*. Berlin: Weidmann. 2 M. 40 Pf.
JAGIC, V. *Slavische Beiträge zu den biblischen Apocryphen*. 1. Die altkirchenslav. Texte d. Adambuches. Leipzig: Freytag. 6 M.
SAMMLUNG hebräisch-deutscher Bibeltexte. 1. Hft. Deuteronomium. Hebräisch u. deutsch m. Anmerkungen. v. A. Klostermann. München: Beck. 2 M. 40 Pf.
THOMAS, C. *Melito v. Sardes. Eine kirchengeschichtliche Studie*. Osnabrück: Rackhorst. 4 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BIGARRÉ (Aide de camp du roi Joseph). *Mémoires du Général, 1775-1812*. Paris: Kolb. 7 fr. 50 c.
CHÉLARD, Raoul. *Les armées françaises jouées par les habitants de l'Autriche, 1797-1800-1809*. Paris: Pion. 3 fr. 50 c.
DUBOIS, Aug. *Etude sur l'hérédité des offices dans l'ancien droit français*. Paris: Soc. d'éditions. 7 fr. 50 c.
LANG, R. *Das Collegium humanitatis in Schaffhausen*. 1. Thl. 1648-1727. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
LATOUR, J. I. *La Papauté en droit international*. Paris: P.-d.-Lauriel. 5 fr.
PIRANI, P. *La Dalmatie de 1797 à 1815: Episode des Conquêtes Napoléoniennes*. Paris: Picard. 1^{er} fr.
POTIQUET, le dr. *La maladie et la mort de François II. roi de France*. Paris: Rueff. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHNEIDER, R. *Legion u. Phalanx. Taktische Untersuchungen*. Berlin: Weidmann. 3 M.
SCHRIFTEN d. Vereins f. Socialpolitik. 57. Bd. *Die Handelspolitik Englands u. seiner Kolonien in den letzten Jahrzehnten von C. J. Fuchs*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 7 M. 30 Pf.
ZEISSBERG, H. E. v. *Belgien unter der Generalstatthalterchaft Erzherzogs Carl (1793-4)*. 1. Thl. Leipzig: Freytag. 3 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- CASNON, D. *La propriété-planteur: semer et planter.* 2^e édition. Paris: Rothschild. 6 fr.
 FISCH, O. *Ethnologische Erfahrungen u. Belegstücke aus der Süd- u. 3. Abth. Mikronesien.* I. Gilberts-Inseln. Wien: Holder. 14 M.
 NERNST, W. *Theoretische Chemie vom Standpunkte der Avogadro'schen Regel u. der Thermodynamik.* Stuttgart: Enke. 13 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- ARISTOPHANIS *comœdiarum.* Annotationes criticae, commentario exegetico, et scholiis graecis instructis F. H. M. Blaydes. Pars XI. *Vespae.* Halle: Waisenhaus. 9 M.
 MÜLLER, D. H. *Die altägyptischen Inschriften v. Sendshirli in den k. Museen zu Berlin.* Wien: Holder. 5 M.
 NÖLDEKE, Th. *Die v. Guidi herausgegebenen syrische Chronik.* Übersetzt u. commentiert. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 10 Pf.
 PARMENTIER, L. *Euripide et Anaxagore.* Paris: Bouillon. 8 fr.
 PLUTARCHI *Pythici dialogi tres,* recensuit Gu. R. Paton. Berlin: Weidmann. 5 M.
 WILMANN, W. *Deutsche Grammatik.* 1. Abthg. Lautlehre. 3. Lfg. Strassburg: Trübner. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

POPE'S LINES TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

London: May 8, 1893.

The well-known lines, "To Mrs. M. B. on her Birthday, 1723," afford a curious example of the manner in which Pope altered and re-altered his work. Mr. Courthope has pointed out that the poem appeared, with the title, "The Wish, sent to Mrs. M. B. on her Birthday, June 15th," in the *Miscellany Poems* of Pope, published in 1726, though in a form very different from that in which we now have it. Pope says that lines 5 to 10 ("With added years . . . former year") were written on his own birthday. The poem was reprinted in Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies* of 1727 (vol. iii. 164-5), very much as we have it, except that six lines ("Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards," &c.) were introduced which were afterwards transferred to the *Moral Essays*, ii. 243-8, with modification of the first line. In the 1738 edition of Pope's Works the poem was at last given in its present shape.

It has, however, not been noticed that the piece was printed two years before its publication in the *Miscellany Poems* of 1726. The *British Journal* for November 14, 1724, contained the following letter:

"SIR,—I feel myself obliged to you for the entertainment you have afforded me by inserting several good pieces of poetry in your late Journals, and believe your readers would be pleased to find them more frequently; for which reason I have sent you the following copy of verses.—Yours, &c.,
 "Nov. 6, 1724. G. L."

Then follows the poem, with Pope's name prefixed. I have printed in italics all the words which differ from the latest text:

"THE WISH: TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.
 BY MR. POPE.

"Oh! be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
 Long Life, long Health, long pleasure, and a Friend;

Not with those Toys the Woman-World admire,
 Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire:
 Let Joy and Ease, let Affluence and Content,
 And the glad Conscience of a Life well spent,
 Calm every thought, and spirit every Grace;
 Glow in thy Heart, and sparkle in thy Face:
 Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
 Without a Sigh, a Trouble or a Tear;
 And oh! when Death shall that fair Face destroy,
 Die of some sudden Extasy of Joy.
 In some soft Dream may thy mild Soul remove,
 And be thy latest Gasp a Sigh of Love."

It will be seen that this earliest version does not contain the six lines which Pope says were written on his own birthday, and this fact affords some corroboration of his statement. The last four lines were entirely re-written; but the other variations are slight. "Glad conscience" is more suitable than the present

"gay conscience"; and "sparkle in thy face" is an interesting reading. "And spirit" may be an error of the copyist or printer. In the third line the reading, "woman world," gave place, in the version of 1726, to "female world," and in the *Miscellanies* of 1727 to the feebler "female race"; the final reading is "female world." The 1727 version retained traces of the last lines of the poem as here printed, which subsequently disappeared:

"Till Death unfelt that tender Frame destroy,
 In some soft Dream, or Extasy of Joy."

G. A. AITKEN.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, May 14, 11.15 a.m. Ethical: "Self-Realisation," by Dr. Stanton Coit.
 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Rights of Property," by Mr. J. A. Hobson.
 MONDAY, May 15, 7.30 p.m. Bibliographical: "Special Bibliographies," by Mr. E. C. Christie.
 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Mosaic: its History and Practice," II, by Mr. C. Harrison Townsend.
 8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Theological Argument," by Prof. Conn.
 TUESDAY, May 16, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Modern Society in China," III, by Prof. R. K. Douglas.
 7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Workmen's Budgets," by Mr. Henry Higgin.
 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Wreck-raising in the River Thames," by Mr. C. J. More.
 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Aspects of Federation," by Mr. W. B. Percival.
 8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Atrium and Prostate of the Oligochaeta Worms," by Mr. F. E. Seddard; "Descriptions of Fifteen New Species of Pleurotomidae," by Mr. G. B. Sowerby; "List of Mammals Inhabiting the Bureau Group of Islands," by Mr. A. H. Everett; "A Second Collection of Mammals sent by Mr. H. H. Johnston from Nyassaland," by Mr. O. Thomas.
 WEDNESDAY, May 17, 7 p.m. Meteorological: "Mean Daily Maximum and Minimum Temperature at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, on the Average of the Fifty Years from 1841 to 1890," by Mr. W. Ellis; "Suggestions, from a practical point of view, for a New Classification of Cloud Forms," by Mr. Frederic Gaster; "Notes on Winter," by Mr. Alex. B. MacDowall.
 8 p.m. Microscopical: Exhibition with the Projecting Microscope, by Sir David L. Salomons; "Rotifers," by Mr. C. Rousselot.
 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Composite Heliography," by Mr. F. E. Iv-a.
 8 p.m. Eliabothan.
 THURSDAY, May 18, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Geographical Distribution of Birds," I, by Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe.
 4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "Agricultural Legislation for the Decade, and its Results," by Sir Raymond West.
 8 p.m. Chemical: "Observations on the Production of Ozone during Electric Discharge through Oxygen," by Messrs. W. A. Shenstone and M. Priest; "The Relative Strengths or Avidities of some Weak Acids," by Dr. Shi-ids; "The Boiling Points of Homologous Compounds," by Dr. James Walker.
 8.30 p.m. Historical: "Instituta Cnati aliorumque Regum Anglorum," by Dr. F. Liebermann.
 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
 FRIDAY, May 19, 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Poetry and Pessimism," by Mr. Alfred Austin.
 SATURDAY, May 20, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Johnson and Wesley," by Mr. Henry Craik.

SCIENCE.

Records of the Past. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Vols. V. and VI. (Bagster.)
Cuneiform Inscriptions found at Lachish. (Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, January, 1893.)

THERE is much to praise, especially from an English point of view, in the above-mentioned volumes; and if I venture to take exception to some opinions of the editor, he will, I hope, take it patiently, and understand that, but for the theological opponents of critical progress, I should have passed them over in respectful silence. Prof. Sayce has, in fact, become one of the pillars of orthodoxy, not, perhaps, in his own estimation, but not without the co-operation of his dangerously rapid pen. In numerous magazine essays and sketches, and a series of books published by two great religious societies, he has written much which is calcu-

lated to discourage consistent critical students of the Bible. Of those earlier works, however, I am not called upon to speak here; there is enough in the two new volumes of *Records of the Past* to justify the expression of mingled surprise and regret. In the former we have historical and critical theories based on the famous Tell el-Amarna tablets which, if adopted in our "Bibles for Teachers," as they have been already adopted in some popular magazines, cannot fail to do mischief, and in the preface to the latter volume statements respecting "students of the Old Testament" (i.e. critics), which are not only, as it would appear, misleading, but calculated to offend a not undeserving body of historical workers.

With regard to my first "stone of stumbling," viz., Prof. Sayce's theory on the relation of the Tell el-Amarna tablets to the narrative in Gen. xiv, it is, I believe, largely owing to Prof. Sayce that, at any rate in England and America, the historical character of that remarkable passage is very generally supposed to have been altogether proved. To a disciple of Ewald, like the present writer, it could not but be gratifying if this were the case, for full forty years ago that great scholar conjectured that Gen. xiv was in the main of primitive origin (*uralt*), and derived from Canaanitish archives. There is, however, now no good reason to doubt that this composite narrative, though based, so far as the historical setting is concerned, on early non-Israelitish traditions (as critics have for full twenty years past been agreed) is one of the latest passages in the Pentateuch, and that as a whole it can only be used as a monument of post-Exilic fancies respecting the ancestor of the Israelites. To express the hope (see the above-mentioned article) that we may soon hear from the tablets "of days when Abram the Hebrew pitched his tent in the neighbourhood of Hebron and paid tithes to the king of Jerusalem," and even (according to Mr. Whitehouse's report of Prof. Sayce's address at the Oriental Congress) of the "wars of Abraham," and to illustrate (see *Records*, n.s., v. 61-64) the historical character of Melchizedek and Isaiah's prophecy of the "Mighty God" and "Prince of Peace" from the despatches of the governor of Urusalim, seems to some persons a sad falling away from critical principles. I have no wish, however, to make the most of this and other weak points in Prof. Sayce's Introductions. In general it is rather by casual expressions than by direct assertion that he supports the orthodox, or at best the compromising, interpretation of the Biblical records. I pass on now to the second point—viz., Prof. Sayce's (unconsciously) misleading statement in the preface to vol. vi. relative to the attitude of Old Testament critics towards archaeological discoveries.

The opinion of Prof. Sayce, that grave questions of "Biblical history and interpretation" have been left by Biblical critics "to be settled by the small but enthusiastic body of workers in the fields of Egyptian and Assyrian research" (vol. vi., Preface, p. i.) is in a high degree unjust. Nor is it much more correct to assert (*ibid.* p. xx.)

that the story of the Creation discovered and translated by Mr. Pinches "opens up unexpected points of view for the Biblical critic." The truth is that the eyes of critical students have long been fastened on Assyria, and it is only the great public which is startled at the discoveries of Assyriology. One critical worker known to me and to Prof. Sayce put aside long ago the preparation of a critical work on Genesis, simply because his Assyriological studies counselled a postponement of conclusions as to the origin of Hebrew legends in expectation of fresh facts. It is probable, no doubt, that some other critics would have been less cautious. There are even now but few prominent workers who have for any length of time been students of "Biblical archaeology," and this is the only excuse for Prof. Sayce's misapprehensions. He has of late withdrawn himself more and more into pure archaeology, and supposes that the "higher criticism" still means literary criticism, and that critics are indifferent to the new problems created by archaeology. There is, however, no reason for imputing the faults of individuals to the whole body of critics. Criticism has, since the time of Colenso and Graf, been passing more and more into a semi-archaeological phase; and archaeologists who would fain be also in some measure historical critics, ought not to fail to recognise this.

The "conclusion of the whole matter" is that we want, not only more critics who are familiar with the present position of archaeology, but also more archaeologists who are familiar with the present state of Old Testament criticism. And having said this, I pass on with a sense of relief to the pleasanter side of my duty as a reviewer. It was in 1891 that I welcomed in these columns the new series of *Records of the Past*; I have now to state that the two volumes here noticed will be the last. This is, in my opinion, very much to be regretted. Books about the ancient world are much less instructive than the written documents which the ancients have left us; and the publisher of the *Records* ought to have received more encouragement from students, especially as one of the chief faults of the first series has been corrected, so far as it was practicable, in the second—I mean that the notes are of a higher quality, and that the views of different scholars are more frequently recorded. As to the contents of vol. v., it is needless to say much, a short notice of it having already appeared in the *ACADEMY*. I would, however, draw attention to Mr. Tomkins's very skilful treatment of the lists of places in North Syria and Palestine (trans-Jordanic Palestine included, as it would seem) conquered by Thothmes III.; this portion of vol. v. should be compared with vol. vi. (pp. 19-45), where Prof. Sayce has examined the parallel lists of Rameses II. and Rameses III. It will be remembered that the list of Thothmes III. contains the names "Jacob-el," "Joseph-el," which suggest the existence in Canaan of tribes bearing this name before the Israelitish conquest. The former name is shown by Prof. Sayce to occur in the two parallel lists, and in the list of Rameses III. This scholar now

finds a name which he transliterates as Lui-el or Levi-el, a theory which reminds us of Brugsch's identification of Roi or Loi, the high priest of Amen under Menephtah, with Levi (*Geschichte*, p. 584). The list of Thothmes III. also contains the name Samalua, which Mr. Tomkins very naturally identifies with the city of Samalla (שַׁמְלָא "north") mentioned in the Nimrud inscription of Tiglath Pileser III. (*Records*, v. 126), and represented by the mounds of Zinjirli, where two Semitic inscriptions, one of the period of this very Assyrian king and the other still more ancient, have recently been discovered. Among the other names of interest one may notice "Rshqadsh," which Maspero and Tomkins read Rosh-qodshu, "the sacred headland" of Carmel (also in one of the lists of Rameses II.), and N(u)māna and Nāmāna, probably places where Tammuz or Adonis was worshipped, and evidently in the south of Palestine—names which indirectly confirm the rendering of a phrase in Isa. xvii. 10 adopted in the margin of the Revised Version ("plantings of Adonis"). Isaiah, in a word, may have been acquainted with Adonis-worship, not merely from hearsay, but from observation; for the lower forms of religion were slow to expire, and readily sprang into fresh life (*cf.* Isa. ii. 5-6). It should be added that Prof. Sayce deserves much credit for supplying an improved copy of the lists of the two Rameses.

But, of course, students will be most attracted by Prof. Sayce's translations of a part of the Tell el-Amarna tablets; and however often they may question some of his renderings and critical theories, and prefer the views of other scholars, such as Winckler, Zimmern, Delattre, Halévy, Jastrow, they will never fail to consult his work with interest and profit. That Prof. Sayce is right in abandoning the identification of Khabiri with *Ibrim*, "Hebrews"—"Israelites" (retained, I think, by Major Conder), I have no doubt. Apart from linguistic and other objections, I believe with Stade that the term *Ibrim* was not originally confined to the Israelites. But is the author's present view that Khabiri means "the confederates" (*i.e.*, the members of the tribes which met at the great sanctuary of Kirjath-Arba or Hebron) more correct? Wellhausen long ago pointed out (*De Gentibus*, 1870, p. 27) that Hebron stands in the same relation to Heber as Jether does to Jithro—*i.e.*, the tribe of Heber gave its name to the city of Hebron. If, therefore, Khabiri has any connexion with Hebron, it is only because the people of Hebron belonged to the clan of Heber; in short, Khabiri will mean, not "the confederates," but "the Heberites." It does not, however, follow that the Heberites (if this rendering be correct) of the tablets are those of Hebron. As Dr. M. Jastrow has pointed out, there was a clan of Heber in Asher; and, strange to say, it is mentioned (Num. xxvi. 45, *cf.* Gen. xlv. 17, 1 Chron. vii. 31) with a clan of Malkiel. Now the Khabiri in the tablets are closely connected with a personage named Milkil. May not both Milkil (a clan leader) and the Khabiri have come, not from the south, but from the north, of Palestine? This is Jastrow's view. The

Khabiri advance upon Jerusalem from the coast, and the country of Asher borders on the Phœnician coast. This is, no doubt, merely a possibility. We cannot trace the movements of the Khabiri further north than Gezer.

Another interesting expression in the tablets, as published by Winckler and Abel, is one which recurs in many of the letters addressed to the king of Egypt—"Unto the king, my lord, my gods, my sun-god." "My sun-god" is, of course, a phrase of Egyptian origin; but "my gods" (*ilani-ya*), which from the context is equivalent to "my god," "my divinity," cannot be explained from Egyptian, nor (adequately perhaps) from Assyrian sources. That it has a strongly Hebraic look is evident; and every Semitic scholar knows that *ilim* in Phœnician approaches, and in one case (*C. I. S.*, 119, 2) actually reaches, a singular sense. Prof. Barton, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, has carried his investigation still further. He points out (American Oriental Society's *Proceedings*, April 1892) that of the Tell el-Amarna letters which contain *ilani* as a singular, and the local origin of which we can determine, four came from Askalon, two from Lachish, and one from the vicinity of Ajalon. "We are led, therefore, to suspect that Palestinian influence had more to do with this use of *ilani* than Phœnician influence had"; and this suspicion is strengthened when we find that, of the two letters containing this usage which came from Phœnicia, one was written by the same man (Zimridi) who wrote one of the letters from Lachish. All this corroborates Prof. Sayce's too brief hint that the use of "my gods" for "my god" in the letters suggests a Canaanite origin for the use of Hebrew *elohim* in a singular sense. At the same time, though a Canaanite origin is possible, and Prof. R. Smith has shown how to understand this (*Religion of the Semites*, p. 426), yet there is something to be said for a Babylonian connexion. Mr. Pinches has quoted an inscription of an early Babylonian king (Gaddas), "To the bright day, the divine bull of *Ilan*, the three lords" (*Babylonian and Oriental Record*, February 1887, pp. 84, 85), where a triad of divinities is spoken of collectively as *Ilan*.

There are several other points which invite a brief comment. Thus, the dispute between Prof. Robertson Smith and Prof. Sayce as to the Palestinian *ashêrah* has been finally settled by Ohnefalsch-Richter in his great work on Cyprus. Both the contending parties are right: *ashêrah* means a pole or post (the conventionalised form of the sacred tree), and also (as the Tell el-Amarna tablets prove) a goddess. The pole came first, but often developed in an iconic or anthropomorphic direction, as Prof. Robertson Smith himself thought might turn out to be the case (*Religion of the Semites*, p. 173). Nor must I pass over what Prof. Sayce calls the "earliest mention of Ionian Greeks" in one of the letters of Rib-addu, the governor of Gubla (Gabal), which speaks of a messenger (of the king of Egypt?) to the country of Tyre, called Yivāna (Sayce renders, "the Ionian," *Records* vi. 50). This must be taken in connexion with Prof. Sayce's statement in

the *PEF.* article (p. 31), that the king of Ashdod, called in Sargon's inscription (according to Schrader and Peiser) Jaman, but, according to our author, Javan (see his article in the *Theological Review*, 1873, p. 19), was really an "Ionian," so confirming Prof. Petrie's statement that there must have been intercourse between Greece and Palestine even before the fall of Jerusalem. This is in itself a most plausible and attractive result. Peiser, I observe, states that the parallel passage in Sargon's Annals reads Ja-at-na (?), which Winckler, however, gives as Jatnan; we know that Jatnan (Yatnan) was an Assyrian name of Cyprus, which Prof. Sayce long ago explained as a (somewhat strange) corruption of Javan. It was, however, incautious of Prof. Sayce to express himself as he has done on p. 50, note 7, vol. vi., where his too brief and unqualified statement will certainly puzzle some linguistic students.

Prof. Sayce's three other contributions to these volumes relate (1) to some contract tablets in which sons of Nebuchadnezzar are mentioned, (2) to the Cyrus inscriptions, and (3) to the cuneiform tablets of Cappadocia—all full of interesting and, to a great extent, new information. Prof. Sayce thinks that the *appiryōn* of Cant. iii. 9, is not of Greek origin (*φορτίον*), but connected with the Cappadocian *aparné*, to which he assigns the meaning "chariot" or "litter." Whether this meaning can be confirmed from Assyrian, we are not informed. At any rate such pioneering work as this demands very special gifts. The discovery of the Cappadocian tablets here translated is due to the sagacity of Mr. Pinches, to whom we also owe the discovery and translation (see vol. vi., pp. 107-114) of the non-Semitic version of the Creation story. The latter document is, of course, of very great importance; it has been critically studied by Prof. Hommel (*Deutsche Rundschau*, July 1891, pp. 105-114).

Much more might be added on these volumes; but the reader will gather from what has been said that, however much we may now and then criticise their contents, they are indispensable aids to study. On almost every page some suggestion of value will be found, and one fact throws light upon another. When, for instance, Prof. Eisenlohr tells us (vol. vi., p. 3) that Rameses III. built a temple in the land of Kanana, to which the nations of the Rutennu came with tribute for the gods (vol. vi., p. 3.), one remembers the Egyptian inscription with the cartouche of Amenhotep III., discovered by Mr. Bliss near Gaza, beneath which are the words, "The temple of Mut." Nor can I omit to mention that Prof. Sayce thoroughly supports me in my view of the "Sepharad" of Obadiah, the situation of which can be approximately determined, and which some recent critics have failed to put sufficiently in the foreground in discussing the date of the Book of Obadiah.

In conclusion, I have only to add a hearty recommendation of the delightful article mentioned at the head of this review. I am not, indeed, so sure as Prof. Sayce is that the name Kirjath-sepher means "Book Town"; but both at Lachish and elsewhere it is now

only reasonable to expect that excavation may lead to the discovery of at least some remains of very ancient libraries attached to palaces or temples. It is remarkable that both at Lachish (Tell el-Hesi) and at Mycenae the cartouche should have been found of the Egyptian king Amenhotep III. and of his queen Tii, the Mesopotamian princess—one of those coincidences which help us to link together the facts of history.

T. K. CHEYNE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. JAMES CHREE, of King's College, Cambridge—who graduated in 1883, with first class honours both in mathematics and in natural science—has been appointed to the office of superintendent of the Kew Observatory.

MR. GEORGE MASSEE, author of the *British Fungus Flora*, has been appointed to succeed Dr. M. C. Cooke in the Kew Herbarium.

At the general monthly meeting of the Royal Institution, a bequest of £2000 from the late Earl of Derby was announced. Thanks were also returned for the following donations to the fund for the promotion of experimental research at low temperatures: from Sir David Salomons and Mr. Alfred F. Yarrow, £50 each; from Mr. Henry Vaughan, £20.

LORD DERBY has also bequeathed £2000 to the Royal Geographical Society, of which he had been a member for more than forty years.

AN inscription has recently been placed under the bust of Sir Richard Owen, in the Natural History Museum, Cromwell-road. After recording the facts and dates of his life and his connexion with the Museum from 1836 to 1893, it concludes with the following quotation from the Vulgate (Ezech. xxvii. 7):

"Accesserunt ossa ad ossa, unumquodque ad juncturam suam."

THE collection of Lepidoptera formed by the late Mr. H. T. Stainton has been presented by his widow to the Natural History Museum, together with the original drawings and papers illustrative of the specimens.

AMONG the additions to the gardens of the Zoological Society during the past few weeks, we specially notice the following: a Melancholy Tyrant (*Tyrannus melancholicus*), who comes to us from the Argentine Republic; and a Festive Amazon (*Chrysotis festiva*), from Guiana.

THE May number of *Natural Science* (Macmillans) contains an article upon "The Moas of New Zealand," by Mr. H. O. Forbes, which is to some extent a polemic against the views of Mr. F. W. Hutton. We must be content to record Mr. Forbes's conclusion: "It is not improbable that the Moa may have been living on the South Island even down to the time when Captain Cook visited New Zealand." Mr. Forbes also contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* a very interesting account of his visit to the Chatham Islands. He was not able to find there any relics of the Moa, though the aborigines still preserve traditions about it; but he did discover bones of the Aphanapteryx, from which he infers a land connexion at one time not only with New Zealand but also with the Madagascar group of islands. The same number of *Natural Science* has a thoughtful paper by Mr. W. Platt Ball on "Natural Selection and Lamarckism," in reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer—a subject which is discussed this month by Mr. Spencer himself in the *Contemporary* and by Mr. A. R. Wallace in the *Fortnightly*.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. PETER JENSEN, of Marburg, has reprinted from the *Sunday-School Times* a paper on "The Solution of the Hittite Question." His method of decipherment may be described as a combination of those adopted by Sayce and by Peiser. We must be content here merely to state his conclusions in his own words:

"The Hittite language employs an *s* sound as the nominative termination for personal names, titles, and masculine adjectives, which could become *r* and disappear; words ending in *as* take *ai(s)* in the genitive, and words ending in *is* take *i (as, iar, ia)*; from a name *S-e-x(n)-s-s* [=Syennesis] a form *S-e-x(n)-s-m* could be formed; the genitive plural ends in *am*; 'son' is called *s-t-s* (and *s-t-r*); 'large' is *m-s-s*; 'I' is *a(e)-s* (plus a vowel ?); 'I am' is *a(e)s-mi* (or possibly *a(e)ssemi*). In other words, the Hittite is an Indo-European language, with especially close relations to the Armenian of to-day, or, perhaps more exactly, to its ancestor."

FINE ART.

MESSRS. DEPREZ & GUTEKUNST have ON VIEW the most recent ORIGINAL ETCHINGS by J. McNeill Whistler, F. Seymour-Haden, Prof. H. Hertzinger, R.A., and selections of the Works of Jacquemart, Bracquemond, Meryon, &c.—15, Green Street, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON sends a charming piece of genre on a small scale, somewhat inappropriately described by the quotation from Shelley, "Music when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory" (19). The scene is one of those delightful Adams rooms, decorated with a subtle harmony of pale, pastel-like colours, which we have learnt to associate with the Scotch master's art. At a curious instrument of Empire fashion, half piano, half organ, and certainly a most fascinating monster, is seated a lady of the well-known Orchardson type, wearing pale pink garments, and leisurely turning over a music-book. Some queer drawing mars this figure, which hardly seems to sit properly, but there is an exquisite charm in the discreetly-tempered colour-harmony; something piquant, too, in the *imprévu* of the curiously unconventional composition. We shall not quarrel with the artist, because of subject—as it is usually understood at the Royal Academy—there is little or nothing. The same artist's portrait, "The Right Hon. the Lord Rookwood" (198), has a certain sympathetic truth which takes it out of the tiresome category to which it belongs, but the scheme of colour is reduced almost to a warm monochrome.

We must own—though the admission is not altogether a pleasant one to make, —that no picture in the exhibition can compare on equal terms with Mr. J. S. Sargent's portrait, "Lady Agnew" (19), or can, indeed—so far as easy mastery of technical difficulties and true modernity of treatment in a branch of art where every age must speak for itself and in its own fashion—be placed in the same class with it at all. The gifted American painter has treated his subject more simply than he has the wonderfully momentary and vivacious "Mrs. Hugh Hammersley" at the New Gallery, and he has been more content than usual to let human nature speak for itself, without over-accentuation. The lady, dressed in white satin with an ample mauve sash, sits gazing dreamily, with an inward gaze—into space, rather than at the spectator. Her ample Louis Quinze chair, covered with a white brocade material, is pushed back right into the hangings of pale azure satin which form the entire background.

The whole is a fresh vernal harmony, quite in keeping with the youth and beauty of the subject. Mr. Sargent's brush has here, as elsewhere, much of the swift magic proper to Velasquez, his avowed prototype; but on the present occasion he has a little, without suppressing, tempered its virtuosity. The work would be perfect in its kind, were it not for a certain papery quality in some of the textures—a peculiarity, however, which belongs essentially to this painter's method of execution.

It is not possible to credit Mr. Luke Fildes with a complete success in any of the portraits which this year constitute his sole contribution to the Academy. The most important of these, "Mrs. Elliot Lees" (247), strikes the beholder by a certain dignity and graciousness of aspect, but falls short in the flesh-painting—especially that of the arms—and in other passages displays a certain over-insistence and tinidity. The rendering of the striped blue and white satin dress, with its curious yellow half-tones and reflections, recalls, a little, Mr. Sargent's manner, but without his brush-power or skill in generalisation.

Nothing leaves the man of to-day so cold as a romantic or historical subject, in which only uninspired labour, and neither imagination nor the redeeming human passion, is apparent. Such a performance is the carefully painted and fairly well grouped "Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV., parting with her younger son, the Duke of York" (210), by Mr. Calderon. Painfully to spell out history with the brush, is not precisely to aid in reviving a romanticism with which, even in its higher and more genuine aspects, the end of the nineteenth century will have little to do. A little more melodramatic, if not precisely dramatic, power is apparent in Mr. Seymour Lucas's "1588: News of the Spanish Armada" (69), showing Philip II. at prayer in the church of the Escorial—a blank and featureless place according to the painter—after the news of the great disaster. Still, the conception and its rendering fall sadly short of the occasion. This is not Hugo's terrible Philip "*la Mort à moins que ce ne soit le Roi*," nor the grim pale-eyed autocrat who ruled from his monkish retreat the greater part of the habitable globe.

One of the most genuine successes of the occasion is achieved by Mr. J. H. F. Bacon, who by sheer force and beauty of technique goes far to triumph over the difficulties of the too anecdotic subjects which he has chosen to present. He loves the enigma, and loves, also, to leave a little too much of it to be deciphered by the beholder. "The Interval" (492), has given rise to amusingly diverse interpretations on the part of the critics. In a solidly yet daintily furnished chamber, flooded with sunlight, is seated a stout, comfortable dame, already of an age when personal adornment becomes a subsidiary matter. She is lovingly caressing a curly-headed, white-frocked child, and while doing so, gazes doubtfully towards a beautiful girl who has withdrawn in annoyance into the window seat. Is this "interval" that of age between the first-born, already woman, and the beloved child of old age; or is the more prosaic interpretation the true one, that what we see is merely an interregnum between lessons, during which the idle pet of the household seeks refuge from authority in the lap of its surest and most indulgent friend? We prefer the former view, but leave the painter to decide; the question is only of importance in so far as it bears upon his pictorial and dramatic power. What is more to the point is that, although Mr. Bacon has not quite concentrated into a picture the admirable elements of one that we have here, and has not selected a subject worthy of his skill, he already reveals himself equipped for conquest and possessing a technical mastery of which few

pictures in the exhibition give equal evidence. There are passages of admirable lighting, of fine local colour, of exceptional reproductive cunning, to be noted in the canvas, though its aspect on a first examination is a little disconcerting. Quite as remarkable, and as to subject, as disconcerting, is the same artist's "The Announcement" (605). Here we have a cottage interior illuminated by two conflicting artificial lights—the one that of a red-glowing fire, cowering over which an aged dame, turns round half in irritation, half in fright, as a maid-servant announces to her a visit—the unwelcome one of a black-robed youthful figure, the bearer no doubt of the most sorrowful news. Her form is partially illuminated by a lamp placed on the scantily furnished tea-table, the contrast of its yellow flame with the more sombre one of the fire being, by a cunning balance of values, most convincingly suggested. Again are to be noted passages of the most solid and admirable execution; and the observant eye may discover, notwithstanding the enforced sombreness of the general tone, many rich passages of local colour. Still, we have here, as before, the component parts for a picture, excellently wrought, rather than the picture itself. However this may be, there is certainly not much in the exhibition that for technical thoroughness and power can compare with Mr. Bacon's work. Our hope is that he may in the future show that sureness of pictorial vision which enables the true artist to see his conception in advance as a whole—to judge of the pictorial capacities of his subject—to concentrate himself, above all things, on its adequate expression.

A striking success is achieved by this force and directness of presentment in Mr. George Harcourt's portrait-study, described by Keats's lines, "The voice I hear this passing night was heard in ancient days by emperor and clown" (321). In the wide embrasure of a window a lady stands erect with averted profile, listening to the song of the nightingale; her figure, with its emerald-green dress, is relieved against the dark blue of the fair, transparent night, and near her, on a table strongly lighted by the rays of an invisible lamp, stands, in vivid and happy contrast with the rest, a large bouquet of double rose-coloured anemones. We must not look for any such romantic glamour as is suggested by the quotation of Keats's famous lines from the "Ode to the Nightingale," but rather make up our minds to take the canvas merely as a fine bold exercise in colour, lighting, and arrangement. As such, though the execution shows coarseness as well as breadth, it is entitled, in virtue of its genuine novelty and successful realisation, to great praise.

It is pleasant to note in the work of one of the ablest and most enthusiastic of English artists—Mr. George Clausen—an increasingly national character. His technique is, and will ever remain, based on foreign models, but his view of humanity is becoming less and less tinged with the admiration which he has vowed to Bastien-Lepage and J. F. Millet. Now the style of the impressionists proper—of Monet and Renoir especially—is haunting him, and the phase he is going through is, to some extent, a transitional one. This little "Cottage Girl" (57), looking out of the picture with mouse-like eyes and none of the self-consciousness of a "Muscipula" or a "Robinetta," is at present but a healthy little animal, wholly given up to the bodily joy of living. The execution is, for Mr. Clausen, a little hesitating, though sufficiently effective at a distance. A brilliant performance, and one which might easily have been made perfect of its kind, is the same artist's "Evening Song" (923). Here, in the ruddy glow of the sinking sun, illuminating smiling fields, enamelled

bright with wild flowers, a young girl-rustic lies dreaming in the grass—dreaming, framed in the bright light, the bright colours proper to her youth, which looks forward, as only youth can, without the bitter-sweetness of retrospect. The lesson of frankly brilliant colour, not fused but audaciously untempered, yet happily balanced so as to give perfectly the sunset glow, has been well learnt from Claude Monet and his school; the only blot on the picture being the stiffly uplifted arm of the child, which makes across the canvas an unpleasant diagonal line. Truthfully observed from nature as is this movement, it is not so essential or so expressive but that, disturbing as its effect proves to the eye, it might have been modified or omitted. This picture has for us an especial value, as showing that the most modern methods, so foolishly scoffed at still in certain quarters because they are imperfectly understood, need not remain an end in themselves, but may be, like other methods, become a medium, a vehicle of expression, and not only of impressionistic reproduction.

One of the best and most significant portraits in the Academy is certainly Mr. Jacob Hood's "F. Seymour Haden, Esq., President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers" (278). The simplicity of the diffused illumination, the severe grey-green or green-grey tonality, are appropriate and expressive enough in a subject of this kind; but Mr. Jacob Hood, who has shown himself on occasion a colourist, might have managed to impart to his work, even under these conditions and without interfering with the characterisation, more sparkle, more vivacity and charm of aspect than it at present possesses. He has chosen to present the veteran master in the very act of attacking a plate with his etching-needle, surrounded by the implements of his craft; much as the Swede, M. Edelfelt, showed M. Pasteur in his laboratory, in the very heat of his scientific labours. The risk in giving so great a momentariness to a portrait is that of obliterating or weakening the main, the permanent personality of the subject; but the painter has here admirably succeeded, not only in preserving the characteristic action, but—what is much more important—in preserving the character. The rugged and somewhat self-assertive personality of the sitter is marked out with singular force and truth. How much better is Mr. Jacob Hood here employed than in striving, as he does in his ambitious "Study" at the New Gallery—and that with only partial success—to imitate the mannerisms of such fascinating but not easily imitable masters as M. Carolus-Duran and M. Henner!

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon shows himself much more likely to attain distinction as a portrait-painter than he ever will in those realms of so-called "high art" towards which his aspirations have up to the present time mainly attracted him. Severely and even unkindly realistic in the "Mrs. William J. Armitage" (575), and rather too wilfully casual in his arrangement of the red screen and accessories making up the background of this picture, he nevertheless gives evidence of considerable power in the treatment of a head not easy to express. The companion portrait, "William James Armitage, Esq." (867), has somewhat the aspect of a Bonnat much diluted—of the "Léon Cogniet," for instance, by that master in the Luxembourg. But Mr. Solomon's chief achievement is the large portrait-piece, "Your health!" (892), of which there can be no indiscretion in saying that it represents a banquet at the house of a popular member of the medical profession with artistic proclivities. The board, heavily charged with silver plate, and profusely adorned with flowers, is surrounded by fair women with an equal number of male partners, among whom the Londoner will

recognisesomefamiliar faces; the guests are, with great animation and variety of gesture, toasting their host, who remains perforce seated, but is evidently not insensible to the honour which is being done him. This mode of presenting an animated mass of human beings under an artificial light is very familiar in French art, and has especially occupied what may, with an only seeming contradiction, be termed its Scandinavian branch. A notable example was M. Kroyer's "Banquet given to the French Delegates at the Copenhagen Fine Arts Exhibition." In the English example the treatment is very skilful, so far as harmonious grouping of the figures under circumstances of exceptional difficulty goes. But Mr. Solomon, by reducing his colour to a minimum of intensity, by rendering his candle-light as dim and blafard as his colours are faint and achromatic, has rather gone round the difficulties of his subject than fairly attacked it from the front. The whole thing is well in keeping; but its harmony of faint, washed-out tints is so tempered and toned down all round, that the question arises whether the problem was worth working out in so elaborate a fashion under these conditions of compromise and semi-conventionality.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Portrait of a Lady" (10) is interesting as one of the very few performances of the kind as yet exhibited by this artist. Broad and somewhat coarse in execution, and as black in the shadows of the flesh as a painting by Ribot, Mr. Forbes's presentment of an elderly lady of homely aspect has power, but entirely lacks pathos. There are for the artist, whose human sympathy is sufficiently strong, many opportunities for moving the beholder with such a subject. With how simple and unaffected a truth would a Rembrandt or a Maes portray the wrinkles, the unkind ravages of time, in the countenance of an aged dame; and yet what a glow of pity and loving sympathy would light up and transfigure the whole! Mr. Forbes is not *en rapport* with his model in this fashion; and his realism is truthful, if you will, but relentless and almost cruel.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE elections at the Royal Academy, at the end of last week, were, at the best, respectable. To deny full academic honours to Mr. Henry Moore would, of course, have been a mistake; but it was somewhat uncalled for to bestow them at the present time on Mr. McWhirter and Mr. Henry Woods. Again, the election of Mr. J. W. North as the new Associate is rather a concession to popularity than a vindication of the claims of the higher art. It has been claimed for Mr. North that he is a Pre-Raphaelite, and his election is pronounced in one quarter to be a compliment to the sect. But Pre-Raphaelitism, as a force, is dead; and no academic elections can possibly revive it. Yet again, it has been sought to construe the election of Mr. North as a subtle compliment to water-colour. The compliment would have been more delicate had it been conveyed by the election, not of this agreeable and pains-taking and acceptable artist, but of one of the art's true masters.

THE third exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters will be opened next week at the Grafton Galleries. There will also be an exhibition of paintings and drawings made for *Black and White* at Messrs. Cliffords' Galleries, in Piccadilly.

THE library committee of the corporation of the City of London have issued invitations for a reception at the Guildhall Art Gallery, on the

afternoon of Wednesday next, May 17, when Sir John Gilbert's gift of his own pictures will be on exhibition.

WE hear that Mr. Henry Irving will take the chair on Wednesday, June 21, at the eighty-fourth annual dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

ON Wednesday next Messrs. Sotheby will sell a collection of Oriental antiquities, which includes a number of terra-cotta figures of Greek style from Egypt, some archaic gold ornaments from the islands, and Babylonian cylinders.

THE sale season, not only at Christie's and at Sotheby's, but likewise at Messrs. Foster's, is now in full swing. Every day something that is desirable is being sold. At the rooms of the last mentioned firm, there will be offered on Wednesday or Thursday next, May 17 or 18, the miscellaneous collection of pictures and drawings formed by an amateur of great taste, and which, by reason of the presence of many sketches and designs, will appeal more perhaps to the cultivated student than to the first comer. The tasteful collector whose property this considerable assemblage of pictures and drawings has been, appears to have had particular facilities for acquiring the designs of French artists of the early part of the century. At least two of the works of Ary Scheffer are included in the collection which Messrs. Foster will sell; there is a portrait of Napoleon by Isabey, and a portrait of Louis Napoleon, about the period of his presidency, reputed to be by Ingres. There is at least one vivid study of battle by Horace Vernet—a pen-and-ink sketch, if we remember rightly. The Italian schools are not unrepresented, and there is a certain amount of agreeable English work, among them a couple of water-colours from the popular hand of Copley Fielding.

WE quote the following from the *Times*:

"The Director of the Berlin Gallery purchased on Saturday, from Mr. Gooden, of Pall Mall, an extremely interesting portrait by Albert Dürer, belonging to the Rev. H. R. Cholmondeley, rector of Hodnet, in Shropshire. As we have no example of Dürer in the National Gallery, the loss of this fine portrait is much to be regretted; the more so as the Berlin authorities also secured, last year, the splendid 'Madonna and Child,' by the same master, belonging to Lord Lothian."

THE STAGE.

"LA REINE JUANA" AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

Paris: May 7, 1893.

"LA REINE JUANA," a drama in five acts, in verse, by M. Parodi, was given last night at the Théâtre Français. It is founded on the story of that unfortunate Princess "Juana la Loca," daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, one of the most dramatic figures in the dark annals of Spanish history. M. Parodi's argument is that Juana did not become mad through grief at the death of her husband, the Archduke Philip; but that her father, King Ferdinand of Arragon, and afterwards her son, Charles V., had her imprisoned because she would not resign her right to the title of Queen of Castile, and that if eventually she did become mad, this was owing to the long imprisonment and cruel treatment she suffered at their hands.

M. Parodi's drama is interesting and deeply emotional, if wanting in those bright incidents of youthful love which might relieve the gloom of so sad a tale. As a poem, it is a work of great literary merit, though, perhaps, not likely to attain the success of the author's first important dramatic essay, "Rome vaincue."

The drama extends over a period of forty

years. The first act is a stage rendering of the celebrated picture by Pradilla, which won a medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1878. Queen Juana, who has come to meet her father at the convent of the Dominican prior Marcos, awaits the funeral procession which follows her everywhere. In the dead of the night the convent ball begins to toll, the gates are flung open, and the procession, preceded and followed by armed torchbearers, is seen winding down the mountain road. Knights, retainers, monks and priests chanting the "Miserere," surround the richly draped coffin containing the remains of King Philip, which is deposited in state in the convent hall while King Ferdinand and his suite look on in dismay. Juana then comes forward and commands the coffin to be opened. Turning to her father she accuses his "Âme damnée," Mosen Ferrer, of having poisoned her husband, and calls loudly for justice; but King Ferdinand exclaims, "She is mad!" and orders her to be removed under strong escort to the castle of Tordesillas.

A period of fifteen years separates the second act from the first. Juana's son, Charles, has succeeded to the throne, and, full of ambitious projects, already dreams of becoming Emperor. Yet he has no right to unite the crowns of Arragon and Castile, so long as his mother lives; therefore he visits her in her prison and offers her freedom if she will abdicate in his favour. But she refuses, and after a scene of great dramatic effect Charles leaves her in her dungeon.

The climax of the drama occurs in the fourth act, when Juana learns that her husband was poisoned by her father's orders, and that ambition and greed of power had made her son her despoiler and also her jailor. Such deception and iniquity she at first refuses to believe, but soon her reasons gives way, and she falls into a state of frantic madness. This is one of the most intensely dramatic scenes we have seen on the modern stage.

In the last act we find Juana an idiotic old woman, on her deathbed, pitiful to behold, still more pitiful to hear as she raves and chatters in half-witted sentences to her faithful attendant, Dona Floresta. "You are not the Mater Dolorosa," she exclaims, gazing with wild eyes at the image of the Virgin above her bed; "I am," and truly she looks the image of sorrow. Suddenly her wailing is interrupted by the entrance of armed attendants; and Charles V. comes, conscience-stricken, to seek his mother's forgiveness. A gleam of reason is granted to the dying woman: she rises, spectre-like, from the couch and curses her heartless son. The Emperor humbly bends the knee and craves her pardon, which she at last consents to grant if he will promise that he will abdicate all power, assume the monastic garb, and end his days in prayer and penance. This he promises to do, taking the Cross and Saviour to witness. Queen Juana then relents, pardons him, and her head falls gently back on her pillow for the last time.

This brief analysis of the story shows that M. Parodi has, according to the custom of dramatists, taken great liberties with historical records; but this is always excused by the public if the result is a good drama. Now, although unusually melodramatic in conception (particularly for modern French taste) "La Reine Juana" is a good play. The critical sense of the select audience of the *première* was evidently awakened by a certain monotony and, at times, a want of finish in the prosody of the author's verse; but the general effect was favourable. The most alarming symptom for the future success of the new play was a feeling of *ennui* which seemed to come over the audience at times; the picture seemed too gloomy: a little sunlight, a gleam of poetic fantasy, was wanted to relieve the severity of the subject.

It is almost needless to say that the acting was beyond praise. Mme. Dudley achieved her greatest success in the difficult and fatiguing part of Queen Juana: never were an actress's powers of endurance more severely taxed than in the mad scene of the fourth act, while her make-up in the last was realistic to a painful degree. The part was written especially for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, but not even that wonderful artist could have portrayed "Juana la Loca" with greater intensity. M. Worms, who had to represent Charles V.—first as a youth, then as a King, and, lastly, as the great Emperor—achieved this *tour de force* with his accustomed talent. Mlle. Brandès, most exquisitely dressed, and M. Lambert were a pair of charming lovers, whom one would have liked to have seen and heard a little oftener. The other characters, the dresses, and the scenery formed the usual perfect *ensemble* we are accustomed to at the Comédie Française.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

STAGE NOTES.

THE first performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, at the Savoy, is appointed for the evening of to-day, which happens, we believe, to be Sir Arthur's birthday, and which—by the most amiably superstitious of professions—is esteemed a lucky day for the Savoy Theatre.

A FEW performances of some of the best known of Ibsen's plays will be given at the Opera Comique Theatre, about the end of this month and the beginning of June, whereat the very pronounced Ibsenite glories exceedingly, and says the fact is a conclusive proof that Ibsen interests the world. To say that is as sensible, or as candid, as if one were to assert that the occasional performance of some music by Cherubini established that composer on the platform of popularity which is occupied by Gounod; or as if one were to declare that because a second-hand bookseller occasionally sells a copy of *The City of Dreadful Night* there had fallen upon James Thomson, all of a sudden, the mantle of Tennyson's universal acceptability. We would urgently invite the votaries of Ibsen—whose genuine qualities we have so often recognised, and to whose "Master-Builder" we but lately paid tribute of praise—to moderate their transports. They may, in their own interests, be asked, in Shakesperian phrase, to "scant this excess"; and, meanwhile, we may join with them in reasonable rejoicing that a performance so clever as Miss Robins's in "Hedda Gabler" is again, though only for two or three days, to be set before us, and that we are to be permitted to see—as we are informed we shall see—an act from the hitherto unrepresented "Brand." But who is going to give us that which, in its poetic suggestiveness, ought surely to be fascinating, if fittingly dealt with?—we mean "The Lady from the Sea."

WE will not conceal from the reader that, in timely anticipation perhaps of the stress and sternness of possible Ibsen representations in the not remote future, it was to the Metropolitan Music Hall—briefly and affectionately known as "the Met." by those who have learned to love it—that on Monday night our steps were wended. Mr. Albert Chevalier has an "early turn" there; and, in the physical atmosphere of "the halls," it is an early turn that is always desirable. He was on Monday evening in quite wonderful form, and at "the Met." one had the advantage of seeing him at the beginning of the round of his evening's engagements. Thrice did he sing, amid the more than enthusiastic, the almost frantic, approval of the generally unmoved "middle classes," of the ordinary music-hall loafer, and of a not small sprinkling of the members of polite society.

"My old Dutch" gains greatly on a second hearing. When, some months ago at a hall situated more "in the centre of things" than that well-appointed temple in the Edgware Road to which we repaired on Monday, we first heard Mr. Chevalier in this particular song, we were of opinion that, allowing it the full virtue of its pathos, it was in a certain sense more conventional—had in it less of the observation of life—than his earlier efforts, especially than "Our Little Nipper." And that criticism may still hold good. But "My old Dutch" is undoubtedly most touching, and it is presented with such a perfection of art as no comedian, upon the ordinary stage, could by any possibility exceed. Mr. Chevalier sang likewise the long famous ditty about the future Mrs. "Awkins"; and the scarcely less remarkable song in which the coxster, while admitting theoretically that it is a rare delight to find, amid a world of reticence and compliment, "a pal that speaks his mind," yet manages to be aggrieved at each particular instance in which that mind has been freely uttered. These things are a parable.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A VERY fine performance of Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Irish" Symphony at the fourth Philharmonic Concert, on May 4, was received with unusual enthusiasm. It is one of the composer's most successful orchestral works, and Dr. Mackenzie showed great pains in revealing all the strength and charm of the music. The most fitting home for English art is the Philharmonic Society; and whatever the absolute value of the works of our living composers, it is at least certain that in musical composition—setting aside such names as Brahms, Dvorák, Saint-Saëns, and perhaps a few others—England compares favourably with Germany, France, or Italy. Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg gave a brilliant, though not very powerful, rendering of Hiller's showy Pianoforte Concerto in F sharp minor, and Mr. Willy Hess a refined reading of Beethoven's violin Concerto. The programme concluded with the Prelude and Ballet Music from Dr. Mackenzie's "Colomba," effective portions of a work which, as a whole, has little chance of revival. Mr. Santley was the vocalist.

The Pianoforte Recital of Fräulein Magarethe Eussert, at Prince's Hall, on May 5, deserves a word of praise. The young lady, a pupil of Klindworth's, in a programme including pieces by composers of various schools, displayed technical skill and good feeling. There are so many pianists at the present day that it is difficult to render justice to all; but one ought, at least, to note those who give promise for the future.

M. Tivadar Nachéz gave his first Violin Recital at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon. The programme included many pieces in which the violinist was able to display his skill. But why did he play Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor with the composer's "original pianoforte accompaniment"? Violinists find this version, of course, useful in practising, but it is not the right thing to use at a public performance. M. Nachéz is not the only artist who has done injustice to Mendelssohn; but as he is so popular, he might use his influence to better advantage.

On Tuesday afternoon Mme. Essipoff gave her second Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall. The Bach-Tausig Toccata was a brilliant feat of virtuosity. A Sonata by Schytte proved melodious and pleasing, but "Fantasia" would perhaps have been a better name for it. Mme. Essipoff played pieces by Schumann,

Chopin, Liszt, Leschetizky, Grieg, and won enthusiastic, but well-deserved, applause from her audience.

Mme. Grimaldi also gave a Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall on the evening of the same day. Her performance of Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo showed that she lacked the perfect technique and physical strength essential for all those who, at the present day, would enter the pianistic lists. The Chopin pieces, by the way, were placed—contrary to the usual custom—at the beginning of the programme. There is, after all, no special reason why Chopin should always keep company with Liszt and other showy composers at the end. In a drawing room, and with suitable music, Mme. Grimaldi may do herself justice; on the concert platform she is unfair, not only to herself, but to her audience.

Raoul Koczalski, aged eight years, gave a Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon. The child is simply wonderful: he has extraordinary technique, vigour, and, when required, delicacy. In his rendering of Mozart's Fantasia in D minor and of the Larghetto from Chopin's Concerto in F minor he displayed thought and feeling quite beyond his years. He also played some promising pieces of his own; and it may be noted that this youthful composer has already arrived at Op. 46! He is an undoubted phenomenon—more wonderful than Hoffmann, Hegner, or even Gérard. It does not seem right to risk the artistic future, and perhaps even the life of such a marvellous child, by subjecting him to the fatigue and strain of public recitals. His genius is too precious to be trifled with. But whether he give recitals or not, it is downright wicked to make him play Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies; they are not healthy food for grown up artists, but decidedly harmful for babes. Raoul Koczalski has a powerful face, sensitive mouth, penetrating eyes, but his tiny figure corresponds with his age.

Dr. Villiers Stanford's setting of Swinburne's ode "East to West," was performed on Wednesday evening at the Albert Hall. There is good solid writing in it, and, especially towards the close, there are some effective passages; but, like most *pièces d'occasion*, it lacks inspiration. The Ode was followed by "Elijah," a work in which Sir J. Barnby's choir reveals. The choral singing was superb. The solo vocalists were Miss. E. Palliser, who sang with earnestness, Mme. Belle Cole and Mr. E. Lloyd, both in good form, and Mr. A. Black, who sang with much fervour. Why does not Sir J. Barnby try and teach the public not to applaud between the various movements? At the opera the public is beginning to perceive the advantage of listening quietly through an act, and applauding to their heart's content at the close. In an oratorio like the "Elijah"—though in a dramatic sense perhaps not quite up to date—this practice would be a marked improvement. The hall was crowded.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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